

gold; secondly, of the Four-and-a-half per Cent. Bonds, between eight and nine millions sterling of which were issued at home to the free banks, to be kept by them as security for their note issue, but the greater part, or all, of which, have been returned to the Government, and by it have been pledged or sold to European capitalists; thirdly, of guarantees given to railway and other industrial companies, and to the National Mortgage Bank, one of the two banks that issue cedulas; and fourthly of a claim by Messrs. Baring Brothers in regard to the Waterworks and Drainage Company. The English members of the Committee recommend that the annual payments on account of these various liabilities, amounting roughly to about four millions sterling, shall not be made in cash for the next three years, and that a corresponding amount of scrip or certificates shall be issued to those entitled to them, and at the end of the three years shall be funded in a new loan bearing 6 per cent. interest, to be specially secured upon the Customs revenue. Few people will dispute, we suppose, that the Argentine Government is at the present time unable to pay the interest and guarantees, and that therefore a cessation of cash payments is necessary for the time being. Again, few people will disagree with the Committee, we think, that it would be useless just now to attempt a definitive rearrangement of the debt. The present Government is only a stopgap. It was called into existence by a revolution, and it may disappear at any moment. In a year and a half there will be a presidential election, and when the people have constitutionally expressed their opinion it will be time enough to enter into negotiations with the new executive. Lastly, we suppose that few persons will dispute that a fresh loan ought not to be made to the Argentine Government; and since, therefore, that Government cannot pay anything, the best way of enabling it to hand over to its creditors something which they can turn into money is to allow it to fund the interest and the guarantees. So far, we agree with the recommendations of the Committee, but we regret to say that we are unable to travel farther with it.

It appears to us clear that those who hold the bonds of the sterling debt are entitled to a preference claim above all others. The debt was regularly issued, and the Government openly entered into engagements which cannot be questioned. The guarantees given to railway and other industrial companies ought to rank after the sterling debt. Those guarantees no doubt were voted by Congress, but many of them were in themselves questionable in character, and, if report speaks truly, they were the subject of much jobbery. The Four-and-a-half per Cent. Bonds ought clearly to be postponed until the sterling bondholders and the companies guaranteed are fully satisfied. The Four-and-a-half per Cents., as already stated, were issued to the free banks. They were an internal loan, that is to say, and were to bear interest in currency. They have never been issued publicly in Europe, and if European capitalists chose to take them, either in discharge of debt or as security for advances, they knew well what they were doing, and they ought not to be allowed to trench upon the security of the ordinary investor. They could have protected themselves. The ordinary investor subscribed for Argentine bonds, or bought them in the market, trusting very largely to the name of Messrs. Baring Brothers, who, it was supposed, would not have become sponsors for the loans brought out by them if they had not satisfied themselves of the perfect solvency of the Argentine Government. We venture to think, therefore, that instead of lumping all the annual liabilities of the Government together, and making

these when accumulated for three years a special charge upon the Customs revenue, the English members of the Committee ought to have divided them into three classes—the sterling bondholders, the guaranteed companies, and lastly, the holders of the Four-and-a-half per Cents. It is quite possible that the sterling bondholders would readily agree, not only to the funding of their own interest for three years, but to make it a special charge upon the Customs. But we submit that the other two classes have no right to have their interest or guarantees secured upon the Customs. The sterling debt is secured as a mortgage upon the whole revenues of the Argentine Government, and of those revenues the Customs are by far the principal item. The bondholders might be glad to secure their own three years' interest by making it also a mortgage upon the Customs. But why should they be asked to give up part of what has been mortgaged to them to ensure payment also to the guaranteed companies and the holders of the Four-and-a-half per Cents. Especially it seems inequitable that the holders of the Four-and-a-half per Cents. should get such security. When they took over the bonds the Argentine Government was known to be in the greatest difficulties, and it is not a little cool of them now to ask the sterling bondholders to give up to them part of their own security.

But the most objectionable of all the recommendations of the English members of the Committee is that the Argentine Government should undertake to pay to the Water Supply and Drainage Company an annuity of £500,000 a-year, and that this annuity also should be funded for three years, and secured upon the Customs. The people of Buenos Ayres believed that the Company was a gross and flagrant job. For our present purpose it does not matter whether the belief is well or ill founded. It exists to such an extent that the people refuse to pay the water rate. Congress passed an Act making every householder liable for the rate whether he used the water or not, and yet so strong is the popular feeling against the Company that the Government has not dared to supply the Company with necessary force to collect the rate. Messrs. Baring Brothers, who offered the capital of the Company for subscription here two years ago, unfortunately took almost the whole of the capital, and the Company's securities form a large part of their assets. It is not surprising, therefore, that the great institutions which guaranteed Messrs. Baring Brothers should be anxious to give value to these securities. And it is reasonable that they should put forward the argument used by Messrs. Baring Brothers, which is that, as the Government will not enable the Company to collect the rates, it owes compensation to the latter. We have no wish to dispute the argument, we would only add that the compensation ought to be given only when the claims better-founded than those of Messrs. Baring Brothers are fully satisfied. Messrs. Baring Brothers took those securities without proper inquiry—perhaps we might add with blind confidence in the influence of their own name upon the British investor. But the investor for once was clear-sighted enough to see that such a Company could not succeed, and he refused to subscribe. Why should the ordinary investor—the professional man, the retired tradesman, widows, and children—be made to suffer for the sake of protecting the guarantors of Messrs. Baring Brothers. Is it not, on the contrary, right that as Messrs. Baring Brothers did not exercise ordinary care and judgment in regard to this Company they should pay the penalty, and that their guarantors, stepping into their shoes, should in turn have to bear the penalty? It seems to us that in the

interests of commercial morality it would be extremely regrettable if Messrs. Baring Brothers and their guarantors were to be protected at the cost of the ordinary investor. If the recommendation of the English members of the Committee were to be adopted it would mean, to put the matter as briefly as possible, that a new debt of about £12,000,000 would be added in three years to the existing liabilities of the Argentine Republic, that this debt would involve an annual charge of about £720,000 a year, and that this annual charge would take precedence of all the existing sterling debt with the sole exception of the 1886 loan. We venture to say that to approve of such a recommendation would be to offer a premium to reckless disregard of the interests of investors.

THE MAGAZINE RIFLE.

THE many rumours of defects in the new magazine rifle have culminated in a powerful indictment of its principle and capabilities. In two trenchant articles a writer in the *Times* dissected the weapon, pointing out its shortcomings with evident knowledge. The direct challenge thrown down was first met by a carefully guarded statement, furnished by the Adjutant-General—who has since admitted that he does not know much about rifles—to the effect that although “certain defects have appeared,” these are not “such as prove the rifle to be other than a good military weapon.” This pronouncement has been followed up, after due delay, by a manifesto signed by the “available” members of the now defunct Small Arms Committee, in which the charges made by the *Times* are combated with varying success. The rejoinder appeared in the same issue, and the public can form a fair idea of the merits of the dispute.

Certain serious defects in the Mark I. rifle seem to be admitted, but are all to be remedied in a new pattern not yet produced. The extraordinary percentage of breakdowns during ordinary musketry practice, to which the *Times* drew attention, is not denied; and nothing is less likely to inspire confidence in the knowledge of the rifle possessed by its inventors than the fact that wrong and wholly unnecessary orders were issued in regard to its use, and subsequently revoked. Unless the figures quoted by the *Times* can be disposed of, it is idle to point to the arbitrary and artificial tests to which the early rifles were subjected, as proving the fitness of the new arm for the purposes of the soldier.

The broad facts appear to be that a very large number of unreliable rifles have been already turned out; that the pattern was determined before any service ammunition was obtained; and that a large and expensive plant for the manufacture of a special system was prematurely laid down. The main question now is whether the defects in Mark I. can be satisfactorily remedied, or whether they are inherent in the system. Until Mark II. has been in the hands of the troops for at least one course of musketry training, this question cannot be answered; and meanwhile, the Committee having ceased to exist, it is not clear who is designing the new pattern, still less who will be responsible to the country that a satisfactory arm is at length produced. Considering that the total cost of the re-armament in progress will not be less than five millions, the issues which must now be decided are considerable from the merely financial point of view. The cost of a possible blunder is, however, a small matter compared to the results which might arise from arming our troops with a weapon unfitted for the rough usage of war. The real question is there-

fore one of relative urgency. France having hastily adopted an indifferent magazine rifle, in her eagerness to steal a march on her rival, Germany was impelled to follow suit with an arm also possessing objections; and most of the other European Powers immediately proceeded to re-arm, at great cost and with doubtful success.

It is unquestionable that a completely satisfactory magazine rifle would, under certain circumstances, confer advantages upon the troops who are armed with it; but these advantages are capable of much exaggeration. When, in the war of 1866, the Austrians, armed with muzzle-loaders, were confronted with troops who carried a rifle that could be far more rapidly loaded, and loaded in any position, they suffered a necessary loss of *morale*. The man who was compelled to bring his weapon into a special position, tediously ram home his bullet, and fumble for a percussion cap, inevitably felt himself inferior to his antagonist who could load at the hip with a single, simple, and swift operation. Troops armed with the muzzle-loader in the American War felt themselves heavily handicapped when confronted—as occasionally happened—with an enemy using the Winchester repeater. We rightly remember these things, and lay it down as an axiom that our infantry should never be called upon to face an enemy under conditions so disadvantageous. The advantages of magazine rifles over modern breech-loaders are, however, relatively small. The Mark I. rifle, with magazine filled, possesses for the moment a higher speed of fire than the Martini; but in five minutes' continuous firing the superiority practically disappears, and the difference is too small to give rise to any real tactical disadvantage. To derive real superiority of fire from the magazine arm, therefore, requires that the one force can at the “decisive moment” count on full magazines, and is under sufficient control to use them *en masse*. As this decisive moment is rarely, if ever, recognised by the combatants themselves, and is usually laid down by the historian after the event, it is evident that the realisation of the full advantages of the magazine arm is somewhat problematic. While such considerations could not possibly justify any nation in withholding the new arm from its troops, and permitting them to fight under any sense of disadvantage, they evidently inculcate caution in the selection of a rifle. Whatever may be the loss of *morale* experienced by the soldier unprovided with a magazine, it could not approach that which would inevitably result from the possession of a rifle which proved mechanically untrustworthy.

The question of the bore is of another nature. The advantages of a small calibre are unquestioned, and the barrel of the new rifle appears to be satisfactory. Accepting the 303 bore as the service pattern, it appears obvious that the conversion of the Martini to this calibre should be pressed forward as fast as possible. We should then be in possession of an excellent small-bore rifle, with a breech action abundantly tested under service conditions of every kind; while the main objection to the Martini—the somewhat heavy recoil, which constitutes a moral factor perhaps too little considered—will disappear. Meanwhile, before we are finally committed to a magazine rifle, let later inventions be fully considered, without prejudice or *idées fixes*. No divinity hedges the Lee-Speed breech action, which in its present form possesses certain considerable defects of principle. Provided that the barrel is retained, and that diversity of ammunition is not entailed, a variation of breech action is not a serious matter; and even if a better system can be found, the rifles already manufactured need not be thrown away if their defects can be remedied. The necessary trials

could all be carried out in three or four months, and the urgency does not appear to be so great as to justify us in accepting all the risks which a mistaken decision, too hastily taken, would involve.

A few months ago THE SPEAKER pointed out that "if the new rifle proves a failure, there is no one to whom the blame could be attached." The recent official communication supplies an instructive commentary on this statement. The committee—really two or three committees—cannot be held responsible for anything. The important decision to begin manufacturing on a large scale appears, however, to have been taken on the advice—directly furnished to the Secretary of State—of the latest committee, *plus* other personages arbitrarily selected. Technically, the only official who could possibly be held responsible for the adoption of a new arm is the Commander-in-Chief, whom, curiously enough, the Secretary of State omitted to mention. It may well be questioned whether the Administrative chaos thus revealed is not a far graver matter than any mistake which may at present have been made in regard to the new rifle.

DEAN CHURCH.

IF the Church of England lost in Dr. Liddon her greatest preacher, she has lost in the late Dean of St. Paul's her most accomplished divine. He was, indeed, an ideal ecclesiastic. With a thorough mastery of the literature of ancient Greece and Rome he united an exceptional knowledge of the best literature of mediæval and modern Italy and France. With the masterpieces of English literature he was more than familiar. He did not profess to be a German scholar; but he could read the language and had a competent knowledge of the classics of Germany. In theology he was also well read, and his sketch of Bacon shows that he kept abreast of the progress of physical science. And what he knew he knew well. His mind revolted against anything slipshod, either in the acquisition or in the imparting of knowledge. He was a conscientious worker, and always put his best into whatever he took in hand. He thus acquired by habit the literary art which conceals art. His style is beautiful in its finished simplicity. He wrote only on subjects which he had thoroughly mastered and on which he had something to say, and he said it in language the clearest and best which he could command. There was nothing slovenly about him, and nothing showy, either in mind or body; and the grace and distinction of the style was but the literary expression of the natural courtesy of the man. Yet with all his charm and refinement and rare modesty, Dean Church was a man of iron will. Tender as a woman in his affections and sympathies, he was as bold in action as he was wise in council. The sensitiveness of his conscience made him shrink from popularity, but no amount of violence or unpopularity could ever shake his purpose in defending a cause which he believed to be just. The first proof which he gave to the outside world of this indomitable courage in the face of popular clamour and in the presence of a crowd of foes was in the attempt on the part of the Convocation of Oxford University to degrade Ward of Oriel from his degree on account of his "Ideal of a Christian Church," a book which claimed for English Churchmen the right to teach nearly all Roman doctrines while still remaining members of the Church of England. Newman and his friends resented Ward's mischievous interposition in their controversy; but Newman's opponents saw their chance. They thought they could strike at Newman and the whole Tractarian party under cover of Ward's outrageous "Ideal," and they called accordingly for a meeting of Convocation. The Proctors for the year were Guille-

mard and Church—Guillebard being Senior Proctor. The Proctors have the privilege of quashing a vote of Convocation, but the privilege is very rarely exercised. This occasion was exceptional. Young Church (he was only twenty-nine) convinced himself that the hostile majority in Convocation intended to strike at Newman and his party through Ward's indiscretions, and he immediately resolved to defeat the plot, and persuaded the Senior Proctor to act with him. After a stormy debate Ward (and by implication Newman) was condemned. Then there was an anxious pause which was broken by the Senior Proctor's voice pronouncing the annulling formula, *Nobis proctoribus non placet*. The vote of Convocation was thus repealed amidst frantic shouts of indignation from Newman's opponents. There is a tradition, probably apocryphal, that a burly Evangelical country parson, recognising in Church the real protagonist of the Tractarian party, knocked the slim Fellow of Oriel down. Yet Church deplored the indiscreet and crude though clever polemic of "Ideal" Ward. His own disposition always inclined him to moderate courses. He disliked extremes, dogmatism, intolerance, but he disliked persecution most of all. Young as he then was, there was no wiser head among the Tractarian party. Newman and Pusey were fifteen years his senior; but neither of them could compare with Church in tact and judgment.

Church, like many other distinguished Oxford men of that time, came under the magic spell of Newman, and the two men remained fast friends through life. But Church's admiration of the brilliant leader of the Tractarian party never threw him off his balance. He worked out every problem for himself in the dry light of a singularly clear and conscientious intellect; and when he had once made up his mind as to the right course, he could as little be lured by friendship as intimidated by hostility. He appreciated and greatly admired Newman, but never allowed himself to be dominated by him. And in some respects Church was the greater man of the two. Lacking Newman's dash, self-assertion, and brilliant controversial dexterity, he surpassed him in learning, in sobriety of judgment, and in sagacity. Newman was the greater genius, but had also some of the infirmities too commonly associated with genius—he was erratic and unstable. He furnishes abundant proof of this assertion in his incomparable "Apologia." For instance, Newman, two years before he left the Church of England, published a Retraction of some hard things which he had written against the Church of Rome, and his excuse was that he "was angry with the Anglican divines. I thought they had taken me in; I had read the Fathers with their eyes; I had sometimes trusted their quotations or their reasonings; and, from reliance on them, I had used words or made statements which, by right, I ought rigidly to have examined myself. I had thought myself safe while I had their warrant for what I said. I had exercised more faith than criticism in the matter." Here we have a disposition which naturally led to Rome; a mind which was, by its constitution, prone to "exercise more faith than criticism," and to bow to an authority on antecedent grounds, irrespective of historical credentials. This was a state of mind impossible to Dean Church. No man had a greater reverence for authority than he; but an authority which appealed to history in justification of its jurisdiction had to establish its claim to his satisfaction before he submitted to it. To "exercise more faith than criticism in the matter" would seem to him absurd. Newman, again, with all his tenderness, could be violently intolerant. He could tolerate heretics; on heresiarchs he would have no mercy. The heresiarch was "embodied evil. To spare him is a false and dangerous pity." A friend, of Liberal and Evangelical opinions, wrote to expostulate with him, and Newman replied: "We will ride over you and yours as Othniel prevailed over Chushan-Rishathaim, King of Mesopotamia." He cut his brother

for siding against him, and "dissuaded a lady from attending the marriage of a sister who had seceded from the Anglican Church." Yet doubtless he was sincere when he affirmed: "Not even when I was fiercest could I have cut off a Puritan's ears, and I think the sight of an *auto-da-fé* would have been the death of me." His fierce language was thus a proof of an ill-balanced mind—a mind which let its words run recklessly ahead of its reasoned conclusions, and was impatient of contradiction. No trace of this impetuous intolerance is discoverable in any of Dean Church's writings. The only thing which he could not endure was falseness, or pretence, or shallow dogmatism. While recognising the ability of Buckle's "History of Civilisation," the book offended him by its arrogant dogmatism and crude generalisations from insufficient premises or imperfectly digested data. Let a man be honest and humble, whatever his opinions, and Dean Church had no quarrel with him. Thus the fact that Mr. John Morley disowned the creed of Christendom did not deter the Dean of St. Paul's from writing two of the most charming volumes in Mr. Morley's series of "Men of Letters." He believed Mr. Morley to be profoundly sincere, and he disclaimed the right of sitting in judgment on his attitude towards the Christian Faith. Nor did this tolerance arise from indifference. No man had a firmer grasp of Christian dogma than Dean Church, or was more entirely convinced of the unspeakable importance of Christianity as the antiseptic of the world's corruption. He surpassed Newman also in the extent and variety of his learning. Newman was probably his superior in knowledge of the Christian literature of the first four centuries, though even here Newman's learning was curiously incomplete; for instance, he was very imperfectly acquainted with the writings of St. Augustine, while his knowledge of the works of Athanasius was unrivalled. But of Mediæval history, secular and profane, Newman's knowledge was superficial, and Church's extensive and minute. With Italian and French literature, too, Newman had scarcely any acquaintance. Church's Essay on Dante and Montaigne, on the other hand, are specimens of the easy grace of a writer who is thoroughly master of his materials. It is, we believe, no exaggeration to say that his Essay on Dante is unsurpassed—at least within the same compass—in its minute knowledge of the poem and its historical environment, as well as in its delicate appreciation of its countless beauties. Browning was a very different poet from Dante; yet of Browning also Dean Church was a diligent and loving student; and he who would understand "Sordello" had better lose no time in obtaining the key which Dean Church's subtle Essay supplies for the elucidation of that poem. His volume on Spenser and his Essay on Wordsworth are other specimens of Dean Church's rare faculty of criticism in pure literature; while his monographs on Anselm and Bacon exhibit him as equally at home in the ecclesiastical politics of the Middle Ages and the intricacies of one of the most perplexing dramas in English politics. In both cases he took a line of his own, and his judgment on the downfall of Bacon seems to offer the most natural solution of the paradox of that great man's assertion of innocence and confession of guilt.

There are many other aspects of Dean Church's mind and character on which it would be interesting to dwell, if there were time. A more pure-minded man never lived, or one more absolutely unselfish. When he left Oxford he settled down in a small parish in Somersetshire, and desired nothing better than to end his days in that happy obscurity. He refused preferment from his bishop. Mr. Gladstone offered him the first preferment worthy of him which fell to his patronage—a canonry at Worcester; but Church refused it. Mr. Gladstone next offered him the Deanery of St. Paul's, and declined to accept Church's refusal without a personal interview, at which Mr. Gladstone called in the aid of friends, including

Dr. Liddon, to second his own efforts at persuasion. Church persisted in his refusal; but Mr. Gladstone was equally persistent, and sent him away to meditate over the matter for forty-eight hours. In the interval, Church reluctantly yielded to the entreaties of persons whose judgment he regarded, and St. Paul's Cathedral was thus fortunate in possessing for nineteen years perhaps the most accomplished and saintly dean recorded in its annals. Dean Church was a man of singularly engaging and refined manners, full of brightness, humour, and anecdote. His interests and sympathies were truly catholic, in the sense of nothing human being foreign to him. He inherited an ardent love of freedom and a hatred of oppression, and some of his most instructive historical essays are an exposure of the intolerable government of the Turks. Lord Salisbury has a hard task in choosing a successor to such a man.

THE CANT OF CYNICISM.

PROFESSOR DICEY has done better service to the Unionist cause by his letter to the *Times* of Tuesday last than by all his pamphlets on the subject of Home Rule. His honest and manly protest against the curious demonstration of opinion which we have witnessed on the Conservative side during the past fortnight, ought to have a wholesome effect on the public mind. That the vigour and daring shown by Mr. Parnell in his death-struggle with the representatives of Ireland justly evoked a certain amount of admiration is not to be disputed. Life is, as a rule, so tame nowadays, and our social conventionalism so effectually hides the stronger emotions of mankind, that an exhibition such as that offered to us by Mr. Parnell, of a man in downright earnest fighting for his own hand without thought of friend or foe, of fortune or reputation, of honour or dishonour, cannot fail to make a deep impression upon all who witness it. It was a bit of genuine human nature which was witnessed in Committee-room No. 15 during those stirring days when the fate of Ireland was in the course of being decided. There was no mere acting, at all events, upon that historic stage; the battle was one to the death, and all who took part in it saw that they were there to stake their all upon the cast of the die. Mr. Parnell distinguished himself by the freedom with which he gave expression to emotions that have never been allowed to sway his action in the House of Commons; by the intensity of the passion which burned in his breast against those who had dared to dispute his rule; and, above all, by the shameless effrontery with which he abused his own position in the chair in order to inflict every possible injustice upon his opponents. Take it for all in all, it was an amazing spectacle, upon the like of which Europe at all events has not looked since the days of the French Revolution.

But whilst we freely admit the fascination of this struggle—a fascination beside which all other subjects of interest seemed to sink into insignificance—and whilst we cannot deny the immense, if unscrupulous, ability with which Mr. Parnell fought for himself, it is impossible to repress a certain feeling of disgust when we observe the manner in which the organs of the Tory party and of the Liberal Unionists have treated the performance. On the day when he turned against Mr. Gladstone, and, violating every canon of social life, struck fiercely at the man who had been his friend and who had trusted him, Mr. Parnell suddenly found himself received back into the favour of the enemies of Ireland. He became in a moment the hero of the music-halls and the favourite of the clubs. It was not possible, of course, that anyone should gainsay the fact that his conduct alike towards the Liberal party and its leader and towards Ireland had been infamous. No one could pretend to doubt that he

had shown his resolve to sacrifice even the country he has professed to love, and the cause of which he has been the chief, simply to achieve a personal end. And yet, with that "cant of cynicism" which Professor Dicey has so justly rebuked, the Unionist scribes made haste to declare that this added infamy of the man whom they had already professed to regard as infamous, was not a matter which in their opinion ought to affect their recognition of the services he was rendering to the Unionist cause. Mr. Parnell might be—as most of them had already declared he was—a scoundrel; but his last act of scoundrelism atoned for all his previous misdeeds, because it was committed at the expense of a statesman whom the Unionists have learned to hate, and of a cause to which they are bitterly opposed. It is well that Professor Dicey should rebuke the indecency of reasoning like this. It is difficult, indeed, to believe that the political morality of any class of Englishmen should have sunk so low as it appears to have done in the case of those who, within the past few days, have been applauding the man whom they had previously wronged so bitterly, and for whom, down to the moment when he broke with Mr. Gladstone, they had not a good word to utter.

But when Lord Salisbury, in one of the worst and most mischievous speeches he ever made, advised his followers to "back" Mr. Parnell, he was casting the evil seed upon fertile soil; and thousands of his political associates were eager to take his advice by making use of the instrument they had hitherto despised. The Irish people, we trust, will not be blind to the meaning of the favour which is now shown towards their deposed leader. The men who are showing him that favour are also the men who wronged him most cruelly in the past. Deeply as we feel the gravity and infamy of his present conduct, we cannot forget what Mr. Parnell suffered in bygone years from those who looked upon him as the representative and champion of Irish freedom. Even the greatness of his own offending cannot efface the recollection of Pigott and of the infamies which cluster around that dishonoured name. Surely no greater humiliation can now befall the ex-Irish chief than that he should be patronised by the men who believed in the forged letters, and who were the means of giving them to the world. Irishmen at all events ought to know that the kind of popularity which Mr. Parnell now enjoys in certain quarters in Great Britain is the popularity which the men who have betrayed their country have always been able to command among those to whom they have sold it. Whether the English Unionists, Tory and Liberal, will eventually have reason to rejoice over the fact that Mr. Parnell now stands high in their favour, is another matter. For our part, we believe that, even if they take only the narrow ground adopted by Professor Dicey, they ought to be able to see that they can hardly do a greater disservice to their own party and their own cause, than by indulging in that shallow and mischievous kind of cant which Mr. Dicey so wisely condemns.

Down to a few weeks ago, the great majority of English Liberals believed that Mr. Parnell was an honest and an upright man—a true patriot and a sagacious statesman. Their eyes have since been rudely opened to the fact that he is none of these things, but that the consuming selfishness which possesses his soul is such that he can be trusted by no one, and that even the sacred cause to which he had professed to devote his life is as nothing in his eyes when weighed against his own miserable personal interests.

The English Tories, down to the time of the recent revelations, believed that Mr. Parnell was everything that is bad; they could not even be induced to make decent confession of their fault when it was proved that in regard to the forged letters they had traduced him cruelly. Yet the very fact that he is now proved beyond dispute, by his own

words and deeds, to be a disloyal ally, an utterly unscrupulous opponent, and a traitor to his country, has sufficed to win for him the outspoken applause of a large section of the Tory party.

It is difficult to decide whether the shame of such a fact falls more heavily upon Mr. Parnell or upon his newly found admirers. The admiration, which is openly expressed in London drawing-rooms, of the whole story of his relations with Mrs. O'Shea, is in itself sufficiently shameless and sufficiently cynical; but when we find every step which he takes for the purpose of completing the ruin of the national cause in Ireland greeted with applause by those who have been his bitterest foes, and when we read words of commendation of his ability and character in the columns of the *Times*, we certainly seem to have reached the lowest depth of political and national immorality.

A SOCIAL DUTIES COMPANY.

THE compliments of the season will soon descend upon us and our kind in a pitiless shower of duties from which there is no escape. How are we to be equal to our obligations in this trying time? It is impossible—what with presents, Christmas-boxes, letters to distant relatives, calls on near ones, "general joy of the whole table"—and the table bigger than the one at which Arthur sat. It cannot be done by the individual; why not throw it on society—on a society, at any rate?

The present writing may be taken as a prospectus of a new Social Duties Company (Limited), to keep us in touch with the world, yet give us leisure to mind our own business. At present it is quite impossible to combine the two. If you attend to your acquaintance, you cannot possibly mind your own business; if you mind your own business, your acquaintance go by the board. Only an unmarried person with money in the Funds can afford the luxury of friendship at the current rates. By going at it early and late, and by keeping on the go all the time, one may manage to get through the ceremonial observances of the day. But not all of us can be unmarried, and of those who are, not all have money in the Funds. For the majority who are married and earn their own living a company is the only resource.

It is a pity the Lady Guide Association could not have thought of this before it made up its mind to die. How few of us, in adult life, want to be taken to see the Tower of London, or the House of Lords on Saturdays! Good heavens! it is only one obligation more. But all might have been grateful if some neat-handed Phyllis of the pen had undertaken to manage our entire correspondence of ceremony. At this season her services would have been simply invaluable. She could have been supplied with a host of relatives, acquaintances, dependents; and, according to scale, could have undertaken to attend to the whole batch of them, say, for ten pounds ten. There is no reason why these things should not be done at an inclusive charge, like funerals. A moderate sum, wisely laid out, would provide several dozens of Christmas cards for the little people who still expect such trifles, some volumes of Christmas literature, and a number of letters to connections in Australia, New Zealand, India, or the Cape. Such persons ought not to be wholly forgotten, for however uncertain their prospects at the present moment, they may get on.

One never knows what may happen, and it is as well to be on the safe side. Once a year will do. The letters and cards despatched, the lady guide, as the agent of the new company, would keep an eye on the Births, Deaths, and Marriages, for letters of congratulation or of condolence, and

hold herself in readiness to conduct young people to the pantomimes. For this purpose, she should familiarise herself in advance with the plots of those entertainments. Nephews and nieces who are dependent on the family bounty for their *menus plaisirs*, ought never to have to ask a question in vain. Any time or money left over might be devoted to a turn in the Lowther Arcade. The point is that all these things and many more should be done by deputy, and that society should consent to have them so done. A few hours' instruction to an intelligent officer of the company might thus easily suffice for all the labours of the season, and busy people would have time to attend to their own affairs.

The company might estimate for a whole set of ceremonial observances by the job. As there are first, second, and third class funerals, so there would be the same classes of festive outlay for Christmas and the New Year. The first-class estimate should include a Twelfth-cake, and perhaps a visit to the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street for the elder boys. It is a dreadful thing to be an uncle in these days, and to feel that you have never given a brother's child one day at an institution of this sort. The second class in point of cost should stand well within the reach of a struggling middle class. The third ought to exclude no citizen who can afford tissue-paper for decorations, and a holiday number of an illustrated journal for a Christmas gift.

The company would do a good business at holiday time; it might easily extend its operations to the whole year. There is no reason why it should not make life easier for us in leaving our cards, and even in paying our visits and providing small talk at afternoon tea. This would employ a number of well-educated young men at present without a vocation. If people would only undertake to accept their calls as calls for the customers of the society, no doubt afternoon tea would be greatly improved. Small talk is an art, and but few of us have had time to master it. A well-appointed caller, engaged by the hour, would, as a matter of business, be well primed with the latest nothings from the society journals. He should, at the same time, be able to say a few words on the newest religion, or on the latest movement in science and art. People would soon grow used to the system, and would benefit by it, both as callers and callees.

Thus the great object of the company would be to meet every want. An inclusive family subscription, say of five guineas, ought to suffice for any establishment on a moderate footing. A slight extra fee would include the entire management of a wedding, and in particular the supply of persons able to do full honour to the toast of the Bridesmaids. It is impossible to exaggerate the extent to which life would be lightened by some devolution of duties of this sort. The world is too much with us now-a-days, yet the only condition of existence in it is to make some concession to its claims. A new acquaintance is a new obligation, and if one could estimate how much he is likely to cost us in time and trouble, to say nothing of cash, one would grow to dread the face of one's kind. It is rumoured that some company of the sort has been already started; in that case the thing is done, and the sole purpose of this article is to wish it a prosperous career.

Mankind has been on the eve of the great discovery ever since an ingenious tradesman invented a fourteenth man to avert ill-luck from dinner-parties reduced to the fatal number by a disappointment at the last moment. Some of our universal providers are said to have a gentleman of this kind always on hand—dress-coat and good manners guaranteed at a guinea; with anecdotes of garrison-life in India thrown in—a very good superior article—at a guinea and a half. We have only to extend this small contrivance to all our social relations to make life better worth living than it is to-day.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

XXIX.—"FIRST NIGHT" AT THE PLAY.

QUAINT, says the Rambler, is the London Theatre on a first night; dull, too, as a rule, is the play; most strange is the desire of the public to get in. It is not those who struggle at the pit door for entrance over whom the Rambler marvels, for they are enthusiasts, and such of them as belong to the Playgoers' Club are critics (though they write not "critiques" for printing), and, lastly, they pay. Now to pay on a first night is to enter without glory, and if you are of the fashionable throng you will if necessary spend ten pounds in veiled bribery (such as a dinner) to get a stall for nothing. Those who consider it immoral to forge a bill would yet (with a fair chance of escaping detection) forge a theatre ticket, and ladies who can live without being "presented" will become Becky Sharps for a first night at the play. There was once a great scholar who sought to induce a lady to marry him by promising to tell her who Junius was. The craftier scholar of to-day would bribe her with a stall for a first night at the Lyceum.

These things are well known to first-nighters, and if country folk cannot believe readily, let them come to London and plot for a seat. You must not expect one because you are a baronet or member of Parliament. If social position is to help you, you must not be less than an earl or a Cabinet Minister. Think not to get in because you are the correspondent of the *Basingstoke Gazette*. A hundred and fifty dramatic critics have applied for seats, and there is not space for thirty. Probably your appeal will not be answered. If you do get a reply, it will contain an apology, or, at best, a stall for the third night. Perhaps you and the manager are old friends, but that may avail you nothing. A hundred old friends want seats, and there are only fifteen to divide among them. You are an old friend of one of the actors? Alas, there are a dozen members in the company, and all have friends. But you, sir, who have not yet spoken, think yourself safe because the author is your second cousin. Put not your faith in authors. The author has a legion of friends who would do anything for him save abstain from asking him for seats. He has his box, and the management is furious if he asks for a few stalls. It has been said that the most difficult thing in the world is to get a manager to produce (not to accept) your play. But still more difficult is it to get a row of stalls from him for the first night of it. On the whole, your best plan is to become a friend of the acting-manager. Ask him to your country house. Send him salmon and grouse. Keep this up for years, and then, one first night (if he has not been dismissed), he will give you "standing room."

Now suppose yourself "one of them" for a night. An extra chair has been provided for you in a corner, from which you can see one-fourth of the stage by stretching your neck. However, do not stretch your neck. Your grand aim is to look as if you were a regular first-nighter; so please seem bored. First-nighters try to seem bored (that they may be taken for critics), but their triumph in being present is so great that they cannot help looking delighted. They rise to see who is here and who is not here. You, therefore, may rise also, though you must either stand on your hat or on your neighbour's toes. Bow and smile to your friends if you have any; if you have none, still bow and smile. It is correct form at a first night to know all the other fortunate people.

You recognise the critic of one paper by his photograph, and the critic of another by the "par." about him in the *Star*. The ladies who are so excited that they can neither remain standing nor sitting are also "critics." They represent the organs of their sex, and they are dreadfully afraid lest you should take them for mere ordinary mortals. They would be delighted to hang a placard round their necks with PRESS printed on it. Now the house

cheers because a duke has entered a box, or because a programme has fallen from the gallery into the stalls. This is one of the grand incidents of all first nights.

The first act is received good-naturedly. A first act must be very bad to be hissed. As soon as the curtain is down every lady asks her neighbour if the piece is a success. No one thinks of trusting her own judgment. John, the brother, is sent out to the lobby to harken to what the critics are saying. Henry, the cousin, is sent out by his friends for the same purpose. John comes back with the intelligence that he has overheard a stout, bald man, who looks like a critic, saying that the piece is rubbish. The ladies of that party at once telegraph "failure" to each other. Henry, however, has had a glass of beer near a long, sallow man, who has said that the piece is going well. Henry's friends telegraph "success" with their eyes, arms, and programmes.

Not before the end of the second act do the critics venture to give an opinion. Then they meet in the smoking-room, and each helps the others to make up their minds. Quite a number have less interest in the play than in their chance of getting something to drink, which is not great unless they have long arms. Now that they form in groups, you may observe that they are only sounding each other. A is guarded because he thinks his opinions too valuable for giving away for nothing, B because the author is his friend, C because the author is his enemy, D because he only says what other people say, E because it is his system to go against the majority. Despite the appearance of frankness, most are coy. It is safest to say that everything depends on the next two acts.

The curtain rings up again, and now the players are on their mettle. If the critics say little because it would be injudicious, and the other stallites are silent lest they should laugh at the wrong place, the pit is now expressing its frank opinion. The front rows of the pit are in possession of stern playgoers who are playing the part of jury. They are so much more critical than the average pit that they refuse to guffaw when the comic man eats a loaf in six bites. Most of the stall people think this enormously funny, but they dare not signify so, for the pit is hissing. When the curtain again falls there are mingled cheers and hissing from those pittites. The critics are more outspoken in the smoking-room now. Though they would not confess it, many of them are content to echo the voice of the pit. When the play is over, it is the pittites who give the verdict. If a manager, defying them, makes a speech in which he thanks the house for the reception of the play, they drown his words in one terrible yell. Nevertheless they are fair-minded, they are even generous, for they know that from a new play it would not be reasonable to expect very much. Beside them the ordinary stall-holder is only as a spectator in a court-house. Possibly what brings these stall-holders there is the same feeling that sends them to a judge's summing up. They have the pleasure of observing how the actors are trembling, and that the author is white in the face.

ATHENS OR BLOOMSBURY?

THERE seems fair ground to hope that England will soon restore to Greece the Parthenon Marbles, "now languishing" in Bloomsbury. It will be an honourable deed; and those to whom their country's good name is a matter of nice concern, should thank Mr. Frederic Harrison for his reminder in this month's *Nineteenth Century*. He brings many arguments to prove that this duty of ours is imperative; but for a sensitive nation one of these should suffice. The Marbles are not ours; they are the just and natural inheritance of Greece, thieved by help of her chief enemy, the Sultan, and now in our possession. The question for us is—Shall we

allow our National Museum to be the receptacle of stolen goods? And to help decision on this question of honour, we may add that Greece possesses more claims, perhaps, on the gratitude of the world than does any other nation; that these Marbles are the most perfect surviving testimony to the most glorious years in her history; that the mutilated building from which they were stripped stands high in her capital, reminding the Athenians, day by day and all the day, of their measureless loss; and that Bloomsbury has no more right to retain them than may be established by ninety years' complicity in a fraud.

The story of their "conveyance" to England is pretty well known. Lord Elgin, on his travels, obtained a *firman* from the Sultan to pull down and remove any Grecian "antiquities" or sculptured stones he might want. The North British peer wanted the sculptures of the Parthenon, and let out the job to contractors, without taking the trouble to superintend it. Even in the Athens of those days exceptionally heavy wages had to be offered before anyone would help towards the defacement—and then only the scum of the population could be collected. Their work was shamefully done. They tore down more than was wanted, and left it lying; they took no care to prop up those parts of the building from which they had taken the supports; they ripped up the pavement merely to see what was underneath, and let the rent remain. Then Lord Elgin brought his plunder home, and in time Bloomsbury had it, and we called it "The Elgin Marbles." Sweet term, and appreciative! The name of Pheidias was lost in that of a second-rate Scotch peer—a little thing, perhaps, to a nation that has christened the grandest mountain in the world by a name admirably suited to a Hampstead villa; only in this case it implied a moral perversity, a slighting of the artist in favour of the thief.

Over and above the clear command of honour that restitution shall be made, we have another, almost as cogent, in the assurance that the climate of Bloomsbury is hurting the Marbles, whereas the climate of Athens is the best for their preservation that Europe can afford. "Everyone knows," says Mr. Harrison, "that the marvellous Pentelic marble resists in the Attic air the effect of exposure for very long periods whilst its surface is intact. When the surface is gone, and the cracks begin to pass deep into the substance, the deterioration of the marble goes on rapidly. Go to our Museum and observe the cruel scars that have eaten in parallel lines the breast and ribs of the River God (Ilissus). Night and day these scars are being subtly filled with London soot. It is no doubt true that the antique marbles are occasionally washed and cleaned. But at what a cost, and at what a risk!" Now it was not to be expected that Mr. Harrison's proposed restitution would fail to find opponents. But it might have been expected of its opponents that they would face these two dominant arguments—the argument of honour, and the argument of the Marbles' welfare. It was surely incumbent upon them to disprove both; and on the second point they might reasonably have demanded the opinions of experts. The champion of protected plunder that has (of course) appeared shirks both points. He writes in the pages of a Tory contemporary, and heads his article "Sentimental Vandalism." This, to begin with, is rather funny, and implies (we presume) that the desire to restore stolen goods is sentimental, while the wish to transfer Pheidias' sculptures from their den in Bloomsbury to the atmosphere for which Pheidias designed them is Vandalism. But let us proceed to the arguments. Here they are:—(1) *Mr. Harrison is prompted by an anxiety to impoverish his country.* We may, perhaps, omit to answer this. (2) *The modern Greek is different both in character and blood from an Athenian of the Periclean age.* Possibly: we ourselves differ somewhat from the Britons of Druidic times, but

(to compare small things with great) we keep up a mild regard for Stonehenge. At least we should feel hurt if the Athenians took Stonehenge away and put it in a museum. (3) *Athens is anxious to have the Marbles back, because they would attract visitors and draw money.* This is impertinent. If the Marbles belong by right to Athens, Athens has a perfect right to every advantage they bring. The imputation that greed of money is her *only* motive for desiring to have the sculptures back is vulgar, even were it not contradicted by much testimony. (4) *"We have not the slightest doubt that the sculptures now housed in Bloomsbury are more fruitful of artistic results than the collections which year by year draw many thousands of tourists to the Acropolis."* This is delicious. We convey the finest specimens of our neighbour's art-collection to our own, and then boast that ours is the "more fruitful in artistic results." We transfer Pheidias, from Athens to Bloomsbury, and then ask why Pheidias has so little influence in Athens!

The writer's peroration is noteworthy. "One conclusion," he says, "may be confidently stated. The Radicals, to whom self-denial and the national abasement are an aspiration, will need to write some thousands of articles, and to stump their country a thousand strong, ere she will tamely forego the magnificent and manifold advantages, material and intellectual, which she has won in the past." Now, for sublime fatuity, this would be hard to beat. We pass over the claim for "material advantages" put forward by the writer who has just been gravely charging the Athenians with wishing to make money out of Pheidias' work; and we direct attention to the word "won." Why, the man thinks we captured the Marbles in battle!

Now we would press other opponents of restitution to face the two questions which this person has shirked. And especially we would ask them, "Do you think the retention of the Parthenon Marbles consonant with our national honour?" for, in spite of the cant fashionable in Tory papers, "honour" and "sentimentality" are not convertible terms. Unless the affirmative be proved, it will be necessary to send back these ill-gotten spoils.

HOME PETS.

V.—PERSONAL FRIENDS.

A SMALL child, who used to patronise me a good deal, once allowed me the privilege of seeing some of his most valued treasures. Among these was a little green frog who lived a motionless life in a very large jam-pot, with a handsomely bound copy of the "Christian Year" over the top of it. "Why do you keep it?" I asked. "Because," the child replied thoughtfully, "he can go all the winter, and never eat anything but one blue fly what I catches for him. You couldn't." The child, with the admirable critical faculty that all children possess, referred at once to the frog's one distinctive quality. Pigs are profitable, fowls are useful, dogs are a stimulus to the imagination; but to keep pets which are of no use whatever, simply for the sake of their distinctive quality, is evidence of a critical and artistic temperament. Personal friends—so called from their habit of making personal remarks—are not so profitable as pigs, and have not, as a class, so much distinctive quality as may be discovered in the small green frog; but they do differ in a marked manner from mere acquaintances, and the pleasure of keeping them gains an additional zest from the fact that they are very dangerous.

I know a large wild bore who is always bearing down upon me with flashing tusks and some fat commonplace in his mouth. He tosses this down before me as if it were something important and

new. The other day he eyed me in Piccadilly, threw up his head, trumpeted, and galloped after me. He caught me in the Strand, and said a variety of things, but the thing which he particularly wanted to say at me was this: "I have many acquaintances but very few personal friends." He said it with his finest air. He seemed to think it almost significant enough to disorganise the traffic; at any rate, he looked proudly round at the cab-horses, as if he wanted to see how they were taking it. I have heard many men say the same thing. All seem to congratulate themselves on having very few personal friends.

This can be easily understood. Intimate, abiding friendship is a very beautiful, consolatory, holy thing, but it is very difficult to avoid; and, owing to some ironical natural law, which science has not yet explained, one is frequently most intimate with the people one hates most. Nobody can make you keep dogs; and if you do keep them, you can decide what sort of dogs you will have; but personal friendships are the result of chance rather than choice. I do not think, however, that fanciers would have nearly so much trouble about personal friends if they really understood how to keep them. They disregard the simplest rules in the management of their pets, and then are surprised that they turn vicious. Now, a young fellow came to me the other day. He had kept pigeons until his doctor recommended a change, and then he had acquired a few personal friends, and they were not doing well. "How ought I to feed them?" he asked me. "I have tried oatmeal, but I do not get any sympathy from them."

I was too angry with the young fellow to laugh at him. Yet many fanciers stand just as much in need of a few hints as he did. Never feed your personal friends at all. The highest altruism is to let somebody else be altruistic to your advantage. Therefore let your friends feed you and entertain you, if you want them to be really happy. I have adopted this method for years, and never had any trouble. Of course, it was equally absurd to expect sympathy from personal friends. The young fellow might as well have expected to get milk from his pigeons. Personal friends give dinners, advice, and candid opinions, but not sympathy. If you want sympathy you must go to the mere acquaintance or the entire stranger. You pursue an entire stranger into a smoking-compartment at the Temple Station, offer him a window concession, a lighted match, and an evening paper. Then make a remark on the weather, and lead upwards. By the time that you have got to St. James's Park you will be telling him the story of your dear, sacred sorrow, or how your tailor disappointed you, or anything that you feel deeply. Sympathy and South Kensington should happen simultaneously, but entire strangers have a nasty knack of getting out at Gloucester Road. If you bestow a confidence on a personal friend, he is almost certain to return it quickly, and this kind of conversational tennis is very tiring. He will not sympathise with you, because he knows you too well to keep up any absurd affectation of caring one straw about you.

The young fancier whom I have mentioned complained bitterly that his personal friends were bad-tempered, and even snapped at him when he gave them their food. I am quite willing to own that personal friends are very dangerous pets; but I found on inquiry that he had provoked them in a very stupid and needless way. He had been foolish enough to have a small success right before their eyes—in the very room in which they were lying. They naturally flew at him at once. Your personal friends never forgive your success. If you *must* succeed—and I have never found it necessary to do anything of the kind—you should go into some disused room, lock the door, draw the blinds, have a little success—not more than you can help—and never say anything about it. It is just possible that your personal friends may not

discover it, and then they will not congratulate you or backbite you. This young fancier had done another very foolish thing. He had lent money to one of his friends. Of course, the friend had to be very offensive to keep up his self-respect. Never lend money, and never oblige a friend in any way. Evil is wrought by too much heart as well as want of head. If you intend to keep personal friends, you must be cruel and selfish, otherwise your pets will be unhappy; I never have the least trouble with mine. Fail frequently, borrow money, let them feed you, and flatter them once a week. This makes them feel grand, and consequently they become attached to you. Authors take rather more flattery than the other kinds, but you need not try to borrow money from them; they are all so wealthy that they cannot understand the want of money in others.

I have only spoken of bachelor friends, because they are the only kind that I ever kept. If one will only follow the few simple hints that I have given, and never yield to momentary fits of kindness or good temper, they do very well. It is a little difficult, however, to get rid of them. There is a prejudice against selling them or giving them away. If you have influence, you can give them appointments abroad. If not, the best plan is to make them marry someone—anyone will do. This answers very well, and is said to be painless.

THE DRAMA.

“WANTED, a real Strike Drama. Only dramatists who can pass an examination in Karl Marx on ‘Capital,’ ‘Fabian Essays in Socialism,’ or Professor Marshall’s ‘Economics,’ and have personally investigated at least three first-class strikes, or six lock-outs, need apply. Preference will be given to candidates who show special knowledge of the Eight Hours question.” Some such advertisement as this may be recommended to astute theatrical managers on the look-out for a new and profitable dramatic departure. For it is evident that the labour question is going in the near future to get itself debated as hotly within the walls of the playhouse as it is at present without them, and it is incumbent, therefore, on our playwrights to equip themselves with some rudimentary knowledge of the subject. The suitability of strikes as raw material for dramatic treatment is out of all questioning. Not only do they present your modern stage-manager, whose darling ambition is to be the master of many legions, with vast crowds ready to his hand, but they present him with crowds of a type altogether new to the stage. They are crowds that no longer consist of “supernumeraries.” Playgoers have tired of the old conventional stage-crowds—armies, operatic peasants, conspirators—who are grouped together as “omnes,” are only allowed to open their mouths when the leading performers pause to take breath, and then merely to say, with the wonderful unanimity noted by Mr. Puff, “We will, we will!” or “To the Capitol, to the Capitol!” In your strike drama of the future the crowd will have to be allowed its turn as protagonist—will have an individuality, an initiative of its own. It will have to show us the spectacle—in the phrase once applied to Napoleon—of “a natural force let loose,” something blind, fatal, catastrophic, shaping and controlling the fortunes of the play as Destiny did those of an Æschylean tragedy. And that is only the stage-manager’s side of the question. Think what a chance there is for the actor of talent who shall first bring on the stage—in his habit as he lives, devoured, maybe, by ambition, or steadfast in calm nobility of aim, distracted by intrigue from within, or tempted by bribes from without, now triumphant, now fallen—one of the heroic figures of the New Demagogy. Of satiric, ironic stage-pictures of the popular leader, we have had enough and to spare. Sardou has given

us *Rabagas*, and Ibsen the Stensgard of *The League of Youth*. But a frankly realistic dramatisation of the modern strike-hero has not yet been attempted.

Nor can it be, until our playwrights choose to write with knowledge. It is here that one puts one’s finger on a fundamental weakness of *The People’s Idol*, the new play which has been produced for the opening of the New Olympic Theatre. It deals to some extent with a strike, a strike-crowd, and a strike hero; but its authors, Messrs. Wilson Barrett and Victor Widnell, write without knowledge—they fail to satisfy the conditions laid down in our imaginary advertisement—and so put us off with a piece of sheer stage-fantasy when we are expecting a sober study of the truth. Their crowd is too much like Mr. Puff’s, and not enough like that which they might recently have seen for themselves by the simple expedient of taking an omnibus to the neighbourhood of the Dock Gates. A couple of details will suffice to show how wide they are of the mark. In their crowd not only are the women grouped apart from the men (a relic of operatic tradition, without the excuse that opera finds in the necessity for separating the soprano chorus from the bass), but they constitute a sort of solid “opposition” phalanx, clamouring for the abandonment of the strike on account of the empty cupboard at home. The truth is just the other way. All who are acquainted with our recent big strikes know that the women were even more resolute for holding out than their husbands. Some of them, indeed, were “strikers” in a double sense. More than one “docker” bore marks on his face which, he had to admit, had been set there by his “old woman,” indignant at symptoms of backsliding on the part of her lord. Nor has the real strike-crowd ever shown the slightest tendency to being imposed upon by such a caricature of Socialism as that of the cockney loafer, with a nose like Bardolph’s, whom the crowd in *The People’s Idol* choose as a lieutenant for their leader. To see the difference between clumsy burlesque and the conscientious artistic treatment of the modern strike, Messrs. Barrett and Widnell have only to turn from their own play to M. Zola’s *Germinal*. They may say that the conditions of drama in space of two dimensions are not those of drama in three. It will not do, however, for them, to plead—as playwrights are occasionally heard to plead—that a crowd must be conventionalised before it can be adapted to the practical exigencies of the stage. Shakespeare had to bow his neck to the yoke of the stage-manager as well as they; yet in Act I. of *Coriolanus* and in Act III. of *Julius Caesar* he has given us living, complex, real crowds, not all of a piece from first to last, but swayed hither and thither, changing every moment before our eyes, and abounding in distinct individualities.

As for the *People’s Idol* himself, he is even more fantastically unlike reality than the crowd who idolise him. Where have the playwrights found the model for their popular orator, whose eloquence consists of variations on the stock phrase “You all know me!” punctuated by pauses in which he either offers to fight somebody in the crowd, or discusses with the women the heartless behaviour of his old lady-love, or faints from heart-disease? And the fellow is drinking himself to death. Why the heart disease? And why the brandy-bibbing? (All modern strike leaders have been notoriously of iron physique, and total abstainers to a man.) The answer, strange as it may seem, is: because Mr. Wilson Barrett once played *The Silver King*, which turns upon the remorse of a man who *thinks* he has committed a murder; and Mr. Barrett wants to play the same thing, or something like the same thing, again. For this reason the strike-leader ceases, after one scene, to be a strike-leader, and retires into private life—or, rather, into a “ruined abbey by moonlight,” in order that he may wrestle (about a woman) with Mr. Barrett and get heavily thrown; be knocked on the head by the

woman in question while Mr. Barrett has left the stage for assistance; he discovered, dead, on Mr. Barrett's return; haunt (as a corpse supposed by Mr. Barrett to be of his making) Mr. Barrett's conscience through a whole act; and be finally pronounced by a *deus ex machina* of a doctor (or was it a coroner?), to the relief of Mr. Barrett, as having died from "heart-disease accelerated by intemperance." And now you have the *angina pectoris* and the brandy-bottle fully accounted for on teleological principles. The lesson of *The People's Idol* is that, from whatever quarter the new Strike Drama is to come, it will not come by way of the old conventional melodrama.

A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

THE intelligent politicians who assure you at every corner that the conduct of the Irish party in Committee-room Number 15 shows the incapacity of Irishmen for self-government, might take the trouble to consult a few historical examples. What is the record of the French Chamber? What is the standard of decorum in the American House of Representatives? Within the last year the scenes at Washington have surpassed in violence and absurdity anything ever known in the history of representative assemblies. When SPEAKER REED was trying to make a quorum, well-known Democrats escaped from windows with all the dignity of MR. PARNELL'S performances on the fire-escape. Has it ever occurred to any sane person to infer from these incidents that sixty millions of Americans are not fit for self-government? If not, pray what becomes of the argument against Home Rule?

THE contemplated elevation of SIR HENRY JAMES to the peerage recalls a pleasing story of 1885. In the election of that year SIR HENRY was opposed at Bury by a Tory who, to curry favour with the Irish voters, said that in regard to Home Rule he would be bound by the decision of his leaders. SIR HENRY JAMES seized upon this piece of trimming, and declared that even if his leaders should adopt Home Rule he would oppose it. When MR. GLADSTONE'S Cabinet of 1886 was being formed, the Lord Chancellorship was offered to SIR HENRY JAMES. Much disturbed by the recollection of his pledge the year before, he wrote to the chairman of his election committee to ask whether his former declaration about Home Rule was thought binding in the constituency. The answer was in the affirmative, and so SIR HENRY reluctantly parted from his old chief, though to his honour it must be said that he has never by word or deed impaired the old personal relations.

MR. JAMES RUNCIMAN is disturbed by the statement that MR. RUDYARD KIPLING'S story of "Badalia Herodsfoot" was copied in manuscript seven times before the author was satisfied. It takes MR. RUNCIMAN only eight hours to write a twenty-page article in the *Contemporary Review*. This rapidity is remarkable; but why should MR. RUNCIMAN argue that if MR. KIPLING'S method be right the *Contemporary* article ought to take fifty-six hours? There is no rational connection between the two things. MR. KIPLING'S story is a work of art, into the composition of which enter many considerations which need not trouble MR. RUNCIMAN. Without depreciating that clever writer, it may fairly be suggested that his eight hours' system does not promise permanence for articles even in the *Contemporary Review*. But "Badalia Herodsfoot" is not likely to be forgotten.

THERE was once a slipshod but fluent writer who was known to the world as "CAPTAIN BASIL HALL,

R.N." He had written much, chiefly concerning himself and his travels. One day hearing someone express his amazement at the rapidity with which SCOTT wrote his novels, CAPTAIN BASIL HALL complacently remarked that there was nothing at all remarkable about SCOTT'S pace in composition, as he himself habitually wrote his diary at an even greater rate of speed. Let MR. RUNCIMAN take warning.

WITH inexplicable modesty, MR. GEORGE MOORE has disguised himself in the *Fortnightly Review* under the letter "X." But no alphabetical bushel can hide such a light. MR. MOORE is in raptures with *Beau Austin*, but he cannot give any coherent account of the play. He says that the heroine is the daughter of her aunt, and he confounds the Regent with the DUKE OF YORK. He thinks the incredibly abrupt reform of Mr. Austin could be made perfectly reasonable by "ten necessary lines." He extols the last act, in which the Beau introduces Dorothy to a dumb duke, as "an exquisite conclusion." And he complains that with regard to this play "hardly a writer in the Press had sufficient confidence in himself to think definitely and express his thoughts clearly." This conclusion is indeed exquisite.

THE retirement of MR. JOHN LATEY from the editorship of the *Illustrated London News* involves the withdrawal from active editorial work of a man who has been so long at his post that he might fairly claim to be considered the oldest editor in England. Many good wishes will follow MR. LATEY into his well-earned retirement, for he has at all times been singularly fortunate in winning the friendship of the authors and journalists who have contributed to the *Illustrated London News* during his editorship. His successor is MR. C. K. SHORTER, who has been for some time connected with the literary department of the *Star*.

THE first number of MR. NEWNES'S new venture—the *Strand Magazine*—has appeared. At first sight it is a marvellous sixpennyworth—the amount of illustrations, for instance, being quite amazing. But at present it looks too much like an inadequate copy of a good American magazine to be altogether satisfactory. A new magazine should certainly possess some distinction of aim, scope, or form, to justify its existence; whereas, the copy before us impresses the reader simply as a bold bid for a big circulation. Perhaps it is unreasonable to expect a definite character in the first number of any magazine. But at least we might have looked for some recognition of its necessity in the Editor's Introduction.

THIS, however, is all that MR. NEWNES has to urge in favour of his experiment:—"It may be said that with the immense number of existing monthlies there is no necessity for another. It is believed, however, that the *Strand Magazine* will soon occupy a position which will justify its existence. The past efforts of the editor in supplying cheap, healthful literature have met with such generous favour from the public, that he ventures to hope that this new enterprise will prove a popular one. . . . Will those who like this number be so good as to assist, by making its merits, if they are kind enough to think that it has any, known to their friends?" This is the language of a tout puffing cheap tea, rather than that of an editor; it is the attitude of the grocer who thanks the nobility and gentry for esteemed patronage in the past, and hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of their favour and support.

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

AND when we come to examine the letterpress, it is found to be titbitical to an unpraiseworthy degree. We are cosmopolitan in sympathy, and do not complain in the least that half the number is made up of translated stories of foreign authorship. Nor do we cavil at the obvious cheapness of this way of filling a magazine. But cheapness is one thing; cheap-and-nastiness another. MR. NEWNES ought not to take a story like DAUDET'S *L'Enfant Espion*—to take one instance only—and have it complacently turned into the first English that comes handy. Even the privilege of gazing on a portrait of MR. RIDER HAGGARD as he appeared at three years of age will hardly compensate the French purchasers of the *Strand Magazine* for this insult to their language.

THE passing of the Copyright Bill by the American House of Representatives bids fair to paralyse the publishing trade on this side of the Atlantic during the forthcoming spring. Authors who are likely to receive money for the American copyrights of their works are naturally anxious to defer the publication of new books until after the 1st of July, when the Bill, if it should pass the Senate, will come into operation. Among those writers who have a market in America as well as in England, the most eminent is LORD TENNYSON; and we believe that the Poet Laureate, who has not been idle during the year, will not allow the new volume of poems which he has almost completed to appear until after the Copyright Bill has actually become law in the United States.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have done good service by issuing a charming pocket edition of the works of the Laureate bound in flexible leather. The edition is complete, extending from "Claribel" to "Crossing the Bar," and is delightful both to read and to hold. Only the works of an English classic, who is loved as much as he is admired, deserve to be presented to the public in this dainty and exquisite form, and MESSRS. MACMILLAN have earned the gratitude of all LORD TENNYSON'S friends and readers by presenting them with this edition of his works.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN has rushed into the lists against PROFESSOR HUXLEY. His letter in the *Times* is full of the usual irrelevances, including man-eating tigers and Saul. MR. BUCHANAN'S prose style is just like a windmill, except that it does not grind anything in the shape of corn. For that matter, PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S performances in the controversy about GENERAL BOOTH'S scheme are not much more productive. The Professor has the fixed idea that if GENERAL BOOTH is successful it must be at the cost of turning the "submerged tenth" into Salvationists. It is better apparently that these people should perish in slums than that they should run the risk of singing hallelujahs. PROFESSOR HUXLEY does not reflect that once they are rescued from the Slough of Despond they may be trusted to exercise their faculties like other citizens. In that event, the probability is that GENERAL BOOTH'S "theological fold" will not contain them.

M. VICTOR MAUREL'S lecture at the Lyceum on Tuesday afternoon added little, perhaps, to the general stock of ideas. There is nothing particularly new in the proposition that the singer with mediocre intelligence and a fine voice will not be as great an artist as the singer of fine intelligence and a less impressive organ. The lecture abounded in truisms of this kind, but it was composed in admirable French, and perfectly delivered; and the audience had the comfortable consciousness (to say nothing of an excellent translation) that they were listening to an artist who was superior to his theories. At the end

of the lecture M. MAUREL illustrated his remarkable range of expression in several songs; and, in spite of the fatigue of an hour's speaking, he charmed all listeners with the exquisite quality and perfect modulation of his voice.

IN the world of art all has been bustle and animation during an unusually important week. Wednesday was the annual prize-day at the Royal Academy; and on Thursday the students all convoyed troops of their friends through the galleries of Burlington House, each one to that wall on which his or her own essay in the various competitions was displayed. As the biennially gold medal is not competed for in 1890, and as no elaborate address or essay was read from the presidential chair, the proceedings were of less public than particular interest.

A VERY short time ago MR. R. A. LEDWARD, a very promising young sculptor, resident in Chelsea, built himself a new studio, and over-eager in his occupation, and in the pursuit of his art under the more favourable conditions for work it afforded, caught a severe chill from its still damp walls, and in a week had paid the penalty of death for his rashness. His "Young Mother" in last year's New Gallery will be the work by which the general public will best remember him. He left a wife and four children in a state of acute distress, the more pressing needs of which were promptly alleviated by the artists of the neighbourhood, many of whom are young men whose pictures are still drafts on futurity difficult to get converted into cash, even at a heavy discount on their reputed value. This was more than creditable. In furtherance of this good cause, an exhibition of works of art, some of great interest, given by MESSRS. BURNE JONES, J. J. SHANNON, AUBREY HUNT, CLAUSEN, BRITTEN, ONSLOW FORD, and others, has been held at the Royal Arcade Gallery in Old Bond Street. About £14,000 has been realised, over £500 having been subscribed, and there still remains much to sell.

AT the DOWDESWELLS' is a small collection of pictures by the members of the Newlyn School, or, to speak more correctly, by artists resident in Cornwall, for there are many canvases from men who, like MR. NAPIER HEMY, had attained fame long before MR. STANHOPE FORBES, MR. FRANK BRAMLEY, and their followers were known at all. It must be confessed that the general effect is not happy—nay, depressing, rather. Taken *en masse*, these pictures strike one as essentially undecorative. What attracts attention is the fresh, pleasant seascape work of dwellers in Cornwall not in sympathy with the Newlyn movement. MRS. MARIANNE STOKES'S "Edelweiss" is distinctly the strongest thing in the gallery from Newlyn.

IN a little room adjoining, far too cramped to render them justice, MR. JAMES GUTHRIE, an associate of the Royal Scottish Academy who seems to scrupulously avoid using the initials indicative of his artistic rank, displays his charming audacity in a little group of pastel sketches—street scenes, steamer scenes, night scenes, bits of landscape, and portraits—all noted down in the immediate neighbourhood of Helensburgh, on the Clyde. It is astonishing what colour, motion, and form these slight transcripts convey. No line or touch of the swift chalk but has its maximum significance, while every drawing has distinct decorative value. Thus the West of Scotland School is brought into acute juxtaposition with the West of England School. MR. GUTHRIE is a leader of the Glasgow Group, whose foremost men are MESSRS. ARTHUR MELVILLE—an Edinburgh man by birth but an art Glaswegian in feeling,

technique, and sympathy — LAVERY, WALTON, HENDRIE, HORNEL, and CRAWHALL. They are in a state of lively hostility to the Edinburgh artists, and the declared enemies of the R.S.A. Indeed, their position towards the official art body of Scotland is very similar to that of the New English Art Club towards Burlington House in England. Until the last exhibition at the Grosvenor, very little was heard of the Glasgow painters in England. Then MR. ARTHUR MELVILLE'S "Audrey," MR. GUTHRIE'S "The Orchard," and MESSRS. HENDRIE and HORNEL'S barbaric "Bringing Home the Mistletoe" imperatively commanded attention.

THE remaining exhibitions are a charming display of that most poetic of English water-colour landscape painters, MR. ALBERT GOODWIN'S drawings at the Fine Arts Society; and of the works of the Americo-Dutch MR. GEORGE HITCHCOCK, of tulip-painting fame; and of some dainty water-colour drawings done in a sort of saddened EDOUARD FRÈRE fashion to illustrate an *édition de luxe* of FERDINAND FABRE'S "Xavière" at the Goupil Galleries.

ITALIAN POLITICS AND PARTIES.

ROME, December 2, 1890.

OUR General Elections terminated the day before yesterday. You will already have heard of the result, and the reason of it. While the Ministerial members elected are 401, the Radical Opposition reckons 44 members, the Constitutional Opposition (His Majesty's Opposition, as you might say), 47; and there are 16 members whose party is not precisely known. We have had four double elections, and one quadruple election. Thus we shall have seven other elections in course of time—that is, at the option of those gentlemen elected in more places than one—which cannot happen before the constitution of the House. We say that the House is constituted when, after the Speech of the Crown, the *ufficio di Presidenza* (one President, four Vice-Presidents, eight Secretaries, two Questors) is elected, and a majority of members—of all the members whose elections are not contested—has taken oath. A member who does not take oath in the interval of two months after his election has been declared valid, forfeits his place.

The gentleman who has been elected in four constituencies is Signor Crispi. Of the four gentlemen who have been doubly elected, two are Ministers and two Socialists.

But the total numbers which I have given to you need some explanation, if they are to be made quite clear. The Ministerial party is very large, as you have seen; but it is not very compact. There are in it many shades of opinion on almost every subject. It is more a Monarchical party than a Ministerial party. The cry of the electoral battle has been, Monarchy or Republic? The country has answered very loudly—Monarchy! The cry is dangerous, I think; but Signor Crispi thought that it was opportune, and would be useful. I think it has been so; and the result has shown, what we very well knew, that the Monarchy has a very strong hold upon the country, and that the King and the Queen are much beloved, as they deserve to be. The Royal Family has now distributed itself over the country, and has done well to do so. The residence of the Prince of Naples, the son of the King, a very intelligent and cultivated young man, is Naples. Of the two sons of the dead brother of the King, the Duke Amadeo, the one, Duke d'Aosta, resides at Turin; the other, Count of Turin, resides at Florence.

The other point on which this large majority is agreed is the Triple Alliance. To be thought very steadfast about it, is Crispi's great source of strength. Another point of agreement is the de-

claration against new taxes and the augmentation of old ones. But beyond these three points, which are not enough to make a policy, I don't see that the majority—the so-called Ministerial party—is agreed on anything.

The candidates who are now stamped as Ministerial members have one and all declared themselves dissatisfied with the financial and economical policy of the Ministry. They were and are of different political parties; and each will try to draw Signor Crispi to his own side. Each may hope to succeed, too, because Signor Crispi has changed parties more than once during his Ministry. Now the inclination was toward the Moderate party, of which there are many members in his majority, though not all of them. But they are regarded with an evil eye by the members of the more advanced parties which form part of the same majority. So that I think that to go through to the end with so large a majority will not be easy for Signor Crispi, and it is not certain that he will not find some rock in the course of his voyage upon which he may be wrecked.

The Radicals are not in any better plight. They are all against Signor Crispi, whom they hate and fear; but on all other points they are disagreed. The political Radicals are nearly all Republican, but they are not Socialist. We don't know how many of them will declare themselves Socialists. But even the political Radicals do not really make one party. There are the Radicals who accept the Monarchy with its actual institutions, and the Radicals who don't accept it. Of the first it is easy to see that there are two very different groups—the one of which the leader is Signor Cavallotti (a lyric and dramatic poet, and a generally clever man); the other of which the leader is Signor Fortis, who has been the Under-Secretary of State with Signor Crispi at the Home Department when he inclined to the Left. I think that Signor Fortis has very good prospects.

Neither is the Constitutional Opposition one compact body; it really forms two groups. Of the one, which is a residuum of the party to which Signor Crispi himself belonged when he was only a member of the House, G. Nicotera, an able and restless man, is the leader. He has not been very fortunate in the electoral fray, and has not got as many friends as he hoped in the House; but he has secured a very powerful ally in the Senate, Signor Maglioni, who has been so many years Minister of Finance, and is acknowledged to be the most able financier of Italy. The other group of the Constitutional Opposition is of quite a different character, and there is no possibility of reconciling it with the last-named. The members of the Moderate party who had not joined the Ministry in the last session, constitute it. They are the smallest party of the House. They have many chieftains, but very few soldiers. They are quite unorganised. They have lost in the electoral battle one of the strongest of their number, Signor Bonfaolini; but perhaps many young members yet unknown will side with them. I may mention as belonging to this group the Count Girolamo Giusto, director, till some months ago, of the Neapolitan Bank—a bank without shareholders and without dividends.

This is the picture which the Italian House presents. It is not a very harmonious picture. In the elections themselves the thing most worth noting is that not more than half of the electors registered have voted; that no workman, or perhaps only one, has been elected, and that one who was a member of the House in the preceding Legislature has fallen; that in Milan, the stronghold, as was thought, of the Radicals, only two have been elected, the other three places having been gained by the Moderate Constitutional Opposition party; that, on the contrary, in Piacenza, the candidate of this party has fallen; and of the five colleges of this circumscription, four have been occupied by Socialists, who owe their victory to the peasants. The Socialist propaganda amongst

the peasants is the greatest danger by which Italy is threatened.

Our elections are carried on, as we say, under *scrutinio di lista*; that is, each constituency has more than one deputy to elect—two, three, four, or five, according to its size. When four or five must be elected, the elector is directed to write on his ballot-paper only three or four: the system of a limited vote. It is the third time that we have tried the *scrutinio di lista* and the limited vote. These last elections have proved that the limited vote does not give any appreciable result, that it is a uselessly complicated machinery, and that the *scrutinio di lista* is a pestiferous contrivance. Its effect is only this—that the deputies going out can be more easily returned than the new ones; and they make combinations, in order to be re-elected, without any regard to the difference of their opinions or parties, and only regardless of the friendly interchange of votes. The House by these means becomes very confused, and is deprived of any strong political vigour and life. The elector must very frequently vote on the same ballot-paper for a Radical, for a Conservative, for a Liberal, and for a clerical candidate together; so that no political judgment is left to him. And last, though not least, the lawful expenses of the election are much greater with the *scrutinio di lista* than with the *collegio uninominale*, where one deputy is elected by each constituency. I must add that in Italy many constituencies are already very corrupt; and I know candidates to whom their victory—or their defeat—has cost some hundred thousand francs, a very great expense for my not very rich country. BONGHI.

THE PARSON OF GERMÖE.

*"Germoe, little Germoe, lies under a hill.
When I'm in Germoe I count myself well;
True love's in Germoe, in Breage I've got none,
When I'm in Germoe I count myself at home."*

EVERYBODY knows this story: therefore I am going to tell it again, quite simply, as they tell it in Germoe parish.

Parson Jago, red and round as a cherry—a cherry with a big heart—had preached in Germoe Church, between the tin-hills and Mount's Bay, Sunday by Sunday for thirty years, without a single holiday. His farthest walk was into St. Breage,* the next and rival parish on the coast; but as he wrote the stanza quoted above, we may believe that on these occasions he turned homeward gladly enough. His own church-town was the apple of his eye, and, to hear him talk, his parishioners were angels—if only let alone. The Breage men, on the contrary, were ready to put up their fists with anybody—men of Sithney, or Perranuthno, or Gunwalloe, or Mullyon, or Wendron, but for choice give them Germoe men, especially at a wreck. "It is this wrecking," Parson Jago groaned as he surveyed his battered flock from the pulpit, "It is this wrecking that leads my poor children into temptation. Otherwise they are doves." This was in some measure true. Mariners, sailing by that coast, used to pray—

"God keep us from rocks and shelving sands,
And save us from Breage and Germoe men's hands."

"But 'tis a bad wind that blows no good to *we*," said the men of Breage and Germoe, for their part.

One gusty morning in December, Parson Jago mounted his pulpit. Looking benignly down, he counted the swollen faces, and cleared his throat.

"My children," he began, "it is now five-and-thirty years that I have lived among you. This week, for the first time, I took a holiday.

"I went neither to Helston, nor to Penzance, nor even to Truro; but further still. I travelled up to the gate of Heaven (which you have heard me describe so often).

* Pronounced "Brague."

"I knocked. A small shutter slid back in the wicket, and a voice came through the grille—

"Ah, . . . half a moment, please."

"The wicket opened, and St. Peter looked out. I recognised him at once from his portrait in the window yonder.

"What, Parson Jago!" cried he. "Well, this *is* fortunate! Step inside. You're welcome as flowers in May." Yet I thought he looked the least bit uncomfortable. "And how's all at home?" he asked.

"Nicely," said I; "but, dear St. Peter, I'm not come to stay, thanks all the same."

"Tut-tut-tut! Now I call that unfriendly."

"The fact is, I am taking a holiday, and looked in to ask you a favour."

"Anything that I can do, I'm sure— But sit down."

"There were many white and glittering benches before the gate, on this side and that. St. Peter dusted one with the skirt of his robe, and we sat down together.

"You see," I began, "by this time you must have a great many Germoe folk inside—"

"He looked at me sharply; then screwed up his mouth as if whistling, and bent his eyes downward, to where, far under our feet, the earth was spinning like a small peg-top.

"—And I thought that, perhaps—perhaps—if you would be so good—as to open the gate just enough for me to nod to them and pass the time o' day—"

"But the saint had jumped up as if stung by a bee.

"Dear St. Peter," I pleaded, "I meant no offence. You see, they were old friends of mine; and I miss them so down in little Germoe."

"Look here. A joke's a joke, Parson Jago; but I warn you, this one is going a trifle far."

"And with a face of thunder St. Peter was flouncing off, when I caught him by the big bunch of keys that hangs from his girdle.

"Ah, would you? Be off, and look for your flock! You'll need to go far," said he.

"At these terrible words I sank back on the bench and covered my face. Perhaps the sight melted him, for he came slowly back and laid a hand on my knee.

"Parson Jago, I give everyone the benefit of the doubt—that's what I'm here for. If you swear you've no hand in this affair, I beg your pardon."

"What affair?" I gasped. "Oh, St. Peter, tell me quick! Are there, then, no Germoe men in Heaven?"

"Not the trace of one."

"Nor women?"

"My good sir—"

"Not even Aun' Alsie, who lay on her back twelve years with spine-complaint and never murmured? Nor Laban Hambly, that sold his bed to buy his mother the coffin she set her heart on? Nor Un' Issy, late parish-clerk?"

"I regret to say that none of these are at this moment in Heaven."

"Oh, mercy—mercy! Nor Renatus, the tributer, that saved four men and a boy in the bottom level at Huel Vor? Nor Roper Pascoe? Nor Mary Ann Trebilcock?—not even the children, St. Peter? Oh, the precious mites! Mercy, mercy!"

"And I slipped off the bench, and knelt before the great gate, wringing my hands.

"There, there! Don't fret like that over spilt milk. You'll do yourself harm—it's dangerous, really, at your time of life. After all, you're not to blame."

"I—their parson—not to blame?"

"Not a bit. Here, dust your knees and compose yourself, while I tell you. Three days ago all these you mention were in Paradise, and hundreds more from Germoe. We couldn't have too many. We liked their ways so much. Well, that afternoon, as I was napping, there came a knock at the gate—*rat, tat!* "Who's that?" I asked, looking out: and there stood a big, squint-eyed man, with a red beard—the feneaging villain! Ah, you start?"

"It was Red Nick of Breage!" I cried, "—he that killed a Wendron man by Cury Great Tree, and ought to have been hanged thrice over, but died in his bed, last week, of a seizure. I met him on my way here. He'd a long black shroud pulled over his eyes, and went by me like the wind: but I glimpsed the tail of his great red beard streaming like a comet. Come to think, I'll swear 'twas Red Nick!"

"Then plague take your Red Nick! He gave himself out for a Germoe man. "I don't ask you to pass me," he says very humbly, looking down and fingering his red beard, "but I'd take it kindly if you'd give me a peep in at the folks before I go to the naughty place. There's a mother of mine inside, and my old father" [giving their names], "and all my cousins from little Germoe: and 'twould be a sight to treasure up in the long unhappy time." The palaverer rogue! Where d'ye say he comes from?"

"Breage."

"I never heard tell of the place before. Well, if you please, my heart melted at last, and I opened. It's a heavy gate, as you see: and no sooner had I turned my back to push it, than—how d'ye think this thief of the world behaved? Before you could say "Jack Robinson," he clapped both hands to his mouth, and shouted like a trumpet—"A wreck! a wreck!" I give you my word the mischief was done in half a minute."

"My poor, poor lambs! 'Tis Breage had the laughing side of Germoe for once. Not *all* gone, St. Peter?"

"Every mother's son. They were on me before I could turn, almost. They jammed the gate so that ten saints couldn't have shut it. "Where to?" they yelled, and with that plunged over and down—down—"

Parson Jago wiped his spectacles and gazed on his flock. They were profoundly moved.

"I come to the moral, my children. It behoves us to give up all things—ay, even wrecking—to attain Paradise and abide therein. And against wrecking I have three strong words.

"In the first place, it brings our souls into jeopardy—as my story proves.

"Secondly, it leads to fighting; and we are a small parish.

"Thirdly, it is so disappointing. As often as not the cargo is spoiled.

"For these reasons, my children, I pray you to resist Satan—"

The church door burst open with a loud clap, and a head, covered with a dripping sou'wester, was thrust inside.

"A wreck! a wreck!—this side o' Cudden Point. A wreck!"

Heads turned, feet shuffled, hands groped for hats. Lifting his left hand to restore order, and with his right quietly tucking up his surplice, Parson Jago repeated impressively—

"My children, let us struggle to resist Satan!"

Then, with a hand on the pulpit door:—

"But if we cannot manage that, at least let us start fair!"

And taking the pulpit stairs at two bounds, he was out at the door with the foremost. Q.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

LONDON FOGS.

SIR,—The importance of dealing with the peculiar and preventable London fog—the subject of your article of December 6th—is so great in many respects, and affects so deeply the interests of five millions of people, that I am induced to call attention to one or two points which deserve more attention than they have hitherto received.

With regard to laboratory experiments, it may be true that products from a clear fire and from a smoky one produce equal fogging—that is, in artificial conditions of temperature and pressure. In the free atmosphere there is all the difference in the world. In a lecture delivered before the Society of Arts on March 1st, 1888, I showed that Paris, as long as it burnt chiefly

wood and charcoal, and only very little coal, was as free from fog as the surrounding country, and enjoyed a clear atmosphere; that the cities of the United States which burn wood or anthracite are not troubled with fog and mist like those which burn smoky coal; that the towns of South Wales which burn anthracite have a clear air and seldom any fog; and that no dust, except smoke, ever does produce in cities any prevalence of fog exceeding that of the surrounding country. Sir Douglas Galton confirmed this fact when he mentioned that he had known Pittsburgh, eight or ten years previously, when the atmosphere was filled with a denser fog than could be found between Birmingham and Wolverhampton. Since that period natural gas had been discovered; this had been utilised for furnaces and fires, and now the atmosphere of Pittsburgh was perfectly clear and pure.

Another point on which much misapprehension exists is the supposed healthiness of sulphurous acid vapour, contained in ordinary smoke, as an antiseptic. Now the truth is that in smoky towns there is not a single zymotic disease, or common infectious disorder caused by living particles, which is not at least as prevalent as in towns similarly situated, drained, and managed. In London there is a great excess in every zymotic, except diphtheria, over the country districts. Moreover, in smoky towns such as Manchester and London, there is a large excess in the mortality due to bronchial attacks, and the excess is greatest in the periods of smoky fog. White fogs do not produce any such effect.

Thirdly, the expenses in cleaning, restoration, loss of fuel, loss of sunlight, loss of health, are so enormous as to be scarcely credible without full examination. The substitution of economical stoves and smokeless fuel for smoky coal badly utilised would, I am convinced, cause an actual saving of wealth to Londoners of fully £4,000,000 a year. The saving is not only practicable, but easily practicable. It might require some bold measure, such as the acquisition by the Council of anthracite mines, or of the gasworks, or else the taxation of smoky kitchen ranges and smoky coal, or possibly some system of chimney drainage into tall shafts, abolishing the multitude of hideous chimneys and cowl; but any of these schemes would be worth consideration.—I am, yours faithfully,

R. RUSSELL.

Haslemere, December 6th.

THE AMERICAN DEMOCRATS.

DEAR SIR,—Though I have but recently become a reader of THE SPEAKER, I have several times had occasion to remark the accuracy of articles treating upon American politics. I notice, however, in the sixth paragraph of your article, "Dawn of Free Trade in America," this statement:—"The State has re-elected Governor Hill, who not only represents Tammany Hall and the worst elements of the Democratic Party, but threatens to run against Mr. Cleveland for the Presidency."

Permit me to call your attention to the fact that in this State (New York) there was no gubernatorial election this year, the election being for Congressmen and minor State officers.

Now, with reference to Governor Hill running against ex-President Cleveland for the Presidency, this is scarcely possible. He may—and probably will—be a competitor of ex-President Cleveland for the Democratic nomination, but there is no fear of the Democratic Party nominating both of these men, as it would make a split in their ranks which would unquestionably be fatal. It is said that, failing to get the nomination for President, Governor Hill will try to get on the tail of the ticket—that is, the nomination for Vice-President—and, failing in this, will try to be made a United States senator.—I am, etc.,

New York, November 20th, 1890.

FRED. J. HALL.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, December 12th, 1890.

HAVE the spirits who haunted Ebenezer Scrooge deserted our Christmas literature? I have in my mind's eye the genial phantom, with a great display of manly chest, with holly in his curling hair, and a huge laugh in his beard, who converted Scrooge to the rollicking fun of Christmas, and fired his miserable veins with the milk-punch of human kindness. I see once more the great magician who used to recite the legend of Scrooge to breathless thousands, who melted them to tears over Tiny Tim, and threw them into transports of delight when Ebenezer opened his window in the morning, and told the small boy in the street to go and buy the big turkey round the corner, and the boy promptly responded "Walker." I was a small boy, too, perched up in the gallery of a theatre one evening when this most wonderful of all fairy tales was told by its creator to a madly enthusiastic throng; and I am not ashamed to remember how it made me laugh and weep in a perfect delirium of enchantment.

But it was not the "Carol" only which wielded this extraordinary spell at Christmas time. Many of us recall the long series of stories which made this season of the year a feast of imagination. Was ever any piece of literature awaited with such eager expectancy as the Christmas number of *All the Year Round*? Whatever change there may be in the critical judgment about Dickens, who can read these tales now without feeling the old magic? On this ground, at all events, he was undisputed master. He created the literary traditions of Christmas. We surrendered ourselves to the belief that the hard-hearted miser could be transformed in a single night into an angel of beneficence, and that the unlimited distribution of beef and pudding was a sufficient solace for human ills. Charity took the form of riotous good-humour and exuberant good cheer; and there was a subtle kinship between the incense of piety and the fumes of punch.

Then what a wealth of fancy was lavished on these Christmas stories! In them, at any rate, Dickens might conjure up what fantastic shapes he pleased without offending our sense of realism. The immense humanity of the man made us credit everything. To this day, I am firmly convinced that Mrs. Lirriper still lets lodgings in Norfolk Street, Strand, or thereabouts, and that her heart goes out to every well-favoured pair of young and inexperienced lovers, just as I have a sneaking hope that the mottoes of Mr. Tom Smith's crackers may reveal some surprising coincidence of sentiment when they are read at supper. Haven't we all got a vein of this romantic optimism struggling about in us, as Carlyle would say? In Dickens there was neither struggle nor concealment. His optimism was writ large in everything to which he set his hand. He turned the world once a year into a stupendous institution of benevolence, and the momentary incredulity of little boys who cried "Walker!" simply gave a zest to our appetite for marvels of regeneration.

I received a jury summons the other day, couched in that ancient English which has apparently come down from Mr. Justice Shallow. "Whereof fail not, as you will answer the contrary at your peril," said this portentous document. But immediately my thoughts flew back to that curdling tale in "Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions," quite the most wonderful ghost story I ever read, in which the juryman, looking out of his window in Piccadilly, sees the prisoner he presently has to try, followed by the threatening phantom of the murdered man. This recollection gave a new significance to the injunction about answering the contrary at my peril; and so I shall repair with hasty deference to the Central Criminal Court on the appointed day, lest I should be visited by the ghost of some victim clamouring for retribution.

But this glamour of genius has passed away from our Christmas fiction, and the season brings none of the old excitement. Everywhere a devouring commonplace "creeps in its petty pace from day to day." Even our old friend *Mr. Punch* is not himself. He is the chosen guardian of the Christmas tradition. He was wont to sit under the mistletoe in Leech's pictures, surrounded by a bevy of adoring girls. His *Almanac* was an ever-recurring symposium of frolic, and he, of all men, was deeply sworn to maintain the divine right of the mince-pie. Has he become dyspeptic? Does he turn with loathing from the groaning board? Has he no taste now for the family parties, and the Christmas-tree, and the innocent pranks in which Leech's pencil used to revel? It is a little sad to find the *Almanac* deposed in favour of a Christmas number, which, in spite of its excellence, has no flavour of the old annual, and seems like a repetition

of those rather tiresome allegories in which public men, and their everlasting portraits, are made to play the fool. Is there no time of the year when we can escape from the public stage into that fairyland in which Mr. Sambourne and Mr. Harry Furniss might give us so much entertainment? Or does the scepticism which has destroyed so many illusions of Christmas doom us to a perpetual round of caricature?

Nobody can estimate our debt of gratitude to Mr. Lewis Carroll; but his hand seems to have lost its cunning, or else the parson has overcome the story-teller, and he has repented the exquisite immoralities of the Walrus and the Carpenter. The loss of Randolph Caldecott seems to be irreparable, and though there are still pictorial narratives of stout gentlemen in red hunting-jackets, and jovial times in country-houses, the old delightful humour is no longer there to make the veriest cockney feel like a genial sportsman.

What has wrought this decline of the Christmas legend? Are we overpowered by the realities of life? Do we feel our animal spirits rebuked by the Inferno of the "Submerged Tenth"? Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been down into the labyrinth, and he has written a story which turns to terrible irony all the pleasant fancies of the festive season. It is impossible to read the "Record of Badalia Herodsfoot," and cherish much faith in the healing balm of Christmas hampers. Badalia is much more real than Nancy in "Oliver Twist," and her vigorous helpfulness in good works is not inspired by a particle of the sentiment which most people like to find in tales of the very poor. She perishes miserably, as Nancy did, but you have not the satisfaction of seeing instant justice done upon her slayer. If the truth of the picture were not overpowering, I should protest against this intrusion of realism into the realm so long sacred to romance. What business has Mr. Kipling to write this gruesome story in a Christmas number? Why did he not reserve it for the chill days of early spring, when, in this climate of ours, tender plants, like old sentiments, are nipped by forbidding frosts?

But here and there in our Christmas literature it is comforting to find some flashes of the old spirit, not entirely subdued by sceptical analysis, or by the commonplace pictures for nursery walls to which so much enterprise seems to be devoted. The bulk of the Christmas numbers grows more enormous year by year, till it is impossible to do more than turn over the leaves of most of them, and escape as soon as possible from the portraits of smirking curates who are learning palmistry from fair parishioners—an occupation which has apparently succeeded the decoration of churches as an opportunity for pictorial love-making. But the story which must be read is "I Saw Three Ships," by "Q," in *Yule-Tide*.

The readers of THE SPEAKER need no introduction to "Q," who nearly every week since this journal was founded has contributed a tale to its columns. The wonder of these writings to me has always been the vividness of the central idea. Shaped and perfected within a small compass, they almost invariably suggest a much larger development of the theme. Out of the material which serves for one of these sketches many a writer would make three volumes for Mr. Mudie; and while I admire the fertility of "Q's" resources, I admire even more the artistic conscience which governs them all, and never condescends to pad a single line.

These qualities are equally strong in "I Saw Three Ships," which is a bit of stirring romance from the West Country, full of quaint humour and a

peculiar human touch which "Q" has in common with Mr. Stevenson. And as I read this charming story, a little of the old optimism comes back, and I feel that true art in fiction does not quite rob us of all our faith.

L. F. AUSTIN.

REVIEWS.

WITH NANSEN ACROSS GREENLAND.

THE FIRST CROSSING OF GREENLAND. By Fridtjof Nansen. Translated from the Norwegian by Hubert Majendie Gepp, B.A. Two vols. London: Longmans. 1890.

IT is a thousand years since the hardy Norsemen became interested in Greenland, and let us remember that they were the first Europeans not only to discover the New World, but also to found colonies therein. We know that these colonies went on until almost the end of the fourteenth century, but what precisely was their fate we have no certain information; the probability is that most of the colonists perished, though some may have been absorbed into the Eskimo population. Remains of buildings—churches and houses—are still found in Greenland, for civilisation and Christianity (there was a Bishop of Greenland) flourished for centuries. Traditions of these early colonists will be found in the folk-lore of the Eskimo. After the re-discovery of America, to the end of the fifteenth century, and especially when, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, attempts were made to discover a north-west passage to India and China, Europe once more came into close relations with Greenland. At a very early period, Dr. Nansen shows, in the two monumental volumes which have resulted from his expedition, curiosity was roused on the part of Europeans with regard to the nature of the interior. The Eskimo themselves peopled it with all sorts of supernatural beings, mostly of wicked proclivities. Even last century some attempts were made to penetrate beyond the edge of the inland ice, which everywhere rises up as a barrier quite close to the coast, and sends off streams through the fjords in the form of glaciers; these, again, throw off masses which float away in the form of icebergs. It was not, however, till 1867 that the first serious attempt was made, by Whymper, to penetrate the interior. He got only a little distance beyond the edge of the ice. Nordenskjöld was not more successful in 1870, nor Jensen further south in 1878. The former, however, in 1883 did succeed in pushing his way to about 80 miles from the coast below Disko, while two Lapps who accompanied the expedition maintained that they had travelled as far again to the east. That would make the whole distance attained by Nordenskjöld's expedition 160 miles. This great Swedish explorer and student of science convinced himself, by a train of reasoning based on meteorological and physical data, that a fairyland of greenery ought to exist in the heart of the icy continent. Almost needless to say, he failed to find it. But that his expectations were not without foundation in reality may be seen from the fact that a year or two later Greely found in Grinnell Land, over 80° N. latitude, a lovely valley of greenery, with birds and butterflies, grass and flowers, lakes and streams, surrounded by a great glacier wall. Three years after Nordenskjöld's expedition, Mr. Peary, a native of the United States, pushed his way nearly as far inland as the Swedish explorer, and that considerably further to the north. All these attempts except Jensen's were made at the broadest part of Greenland, and from the west coast. In 1882, when Dr. Nansen was only a student of twenty, he in his enthusiasm for natural history went a voyage in a sealing ship to the east coast of Greenland. Here for many days the vessel was bested among the dangerous drifting ice, within full sight of the rocky cliffs of the ice-covered land. Nansen made up his mind that in spite of the ice it

would be easy to land. From that time the desire to cross Greenland grew and took shape in his mind, until in 1888 he found himself in a position to realise it.

The great difficulty was in landing. For a month after the party (four Norwegians and two Lapps) left the ship in their boat, they drifted about among the loose ice, and in the end, almost the middle of August, landed at 64° N., much further south than was originally intended. After landing, thanks to Dr. Nansen's admirable arrangements, all was comparatively easy, and without mishap the expedition reached the opposite coast near Godthaab, in about six weeks. The only real dangers were the crevasses which were occasionally met with, and the snowstorms which sometimes lasted for days and threatened to bury tent and explorers. Discomforts had of course to be endured, but real as they were they were felt to be no great hardship by these athletic and robust young Norsemen; the only confirmed croaker was old Ravna the Lapp, who evidently had no idea what he would have to face when he engaged himself. The impedimenta were reduced to a minimum. The food supplies were of the most concentrated and nourishing character. One tent and one sleeping-bag sufficed for all. Alcohol was eschewed, and pipes allowed only once a week. The sledges were of the most careful construction. Not one of the party was a bit the worse for all the hardships endured. The distinctive feature in the equipment of this expedition were the *ski* or Norwegian snow-shoes with which all the members are furnished. These are narrow strips of wood about seven feet long, which are tied in the centre on to the feet, and are admirably adapted for gliding over loose snow. All the members of the party were accomplished *ski-runners*. Sometimes it was found that the ordinary Indian snow-shoe, shaped like a tennis-racket, was better adapted than the *ski* to the state of the ice.

The feat accomplished by Dr. Nansen and his companions is one of which they have certainly a right to be proud. A thorough knowledge of the interior of Greenland is desirable both from a scientific and a so-called utilitarian point of view. We have here some 400,000 square miles of permanent ice and snow, the physical and meteorological conditions of which must have a marked influence on the climate of Northern Europe and America. Greenland is a remaining sample of that great ice-sheet which even within the human period must have covered much of the Northern Hemisphere, and which had so much to do with the shaping of the surface features. Probably Dr. Nansen is right in maintaining that the ice of Greenland covers valleys and fjords some thousands of feet deep; and that its ever-moving mass and the enormous underground streams are doing the work of excavation and grinding which must have been effected in Europe in a past age. Dr. Nansen's glacial theories are not, however, likely to be accepted by geologists in their entirety. He seems to have taken up the subject of glaciation quite recently, and rushed to conclusions which are not supported by facts. Because he sees no boulders on the surface of the Greenland ice-sheet, where scarcely a rock abuts above the monotonous level of white, therefore he concludes that the old glacial sheet of Europe could not have done the enormous work of boulder carrying with which it is credited. He has only to go to the Alps to see his theory confuted.

But that is a small matter. We are grateful to Dr. Nansen for bringing together, with so much care and research, so valuable a body of information on many subjects suggested by his remarkable journey. The land (if we may apply the term to a continent of ice) rose somewhat abruptly along the route from the east coast to close on 9,000 feet, descending more gently towards the west. On the whole the travelling was easy, though often enough the surface was rough and hummocky. Rocky peaks and even ridges rose above the surface to

10,000 or more feet over sea-level; but only the steep crags seem to have been free of ice, and even these will be covered during the greater part of the year. Over 80° of frost were met with on some occasions, a temperature so much below what could be expected in such a latitude that one is inclined to doubt the perfect accuracy of the observations. No living thing is met with on the forsaken waste of ice; no footsteps of man have ever crossed it since the time when it was a land of exuberant greenery, except those of the six hardy Norsemen the story of whose adventure is told in these attractive volumes. For that Greenland once richly deserved its name is amply proved by the remains of temperate and sub-tropical plants—palms, vines, oaks, elms, magnolias, maples, walnut, poplar, and ferns of many varieties—which have been found so abundantly even at 80° N. lat. On the past geological history of Greenland, Dr. Nansen has an appendix well worth studying by the intelligent reader interested in the results of science.

The fact is the narrative of the crossing of Greenland occupies only about one-fourth of the two large volumes. We have chapters on ski-running, on the preparations for the journey, on Iceland, on seals and seal-fishery, on the ice-barrier that guards the east coast, on the Eskimo with whom the party were compelled to live for the six winter months after landing on the west coast, and on a variety of other topics suggested by the expedition. No doubt much of this is compilation; but it is compilation by a trained student of science and a master of the pen. To the great bulk of readers much of the information contained in these volumes will be quite new. To many, probably, the chapter on the Eskimo will prove of much interest. Dr. Nansen has supplemented his own observations by information from the best authorities, so that he is able to give us a very complete account of Eskimo life in all its aspects. He considers the Danish Protectorate to have been anything but a boon to these simple people. One patent and marked result has been that but little of the Eskimo type remains. Most of the portraits in the book are almost purely European in feature. The fatherly rule of the Danes has, to a great extent, pauperised the people. They have almost lost their old skill as hunters and fishers; the warm sealskin garments of the past have in many cases given way to cheap European stuffs. Consumption has become fearfully prevalent; improvident habits have been fostered; and during the winter much suffering prevails from want of food and fire. So Dr. Nansen assures us, and it is to be feared there is much truth in his indictment.

The whole book is full of spirit and vigour, and there is not a grain of dullness in all the thousand pages. The illustrations are admirable and thoroughly appropriate. There is a picture on every other page, and the work contains an adequate supply of maps. Dr. Nansen is quite as successful in bookmaking as he is in exploring.

INSPIRATION AND THE CHURCH.

SECOND NOTICE.

THE INSPIRATION OF SELECTION. A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford. By H. P. Liddon, D.D., D.C.L. London: Rivingtons.

LUX MUNDI: A SERIES OF STUDIES IN THE RELIGION OF THE INCARNATION. Edited by Charles Gore, M.A., Principal of Pusey House; Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. Tenth Edition. London: John Murray. 1890.

THE radical distinction, then, between the two positions may be stated thus: The Church and the Scriptures were to Canon Liddon alike creations, things made, in a sense handiworks; but to Mr. Gore they are growths, in a sense not products of nature but natural products, i.e., their cause is supernatural, but their process and mode of becoming is natural. Thus the phrase "Inspiration of Selection" exactly expressed the Canon's mind: it denotes a process by

which material was selected and put together, here into the Church, there into the Scriptures. It is the worth and the warrant of these two things that concerned him; his passion was to prove their separateness from all else, their structural sufficiency and completeness. They owe everything to the direct action of their Maker, nothing to anything or anyone else; framework and contents must alike be defended as altogether worthy of His hand. Hence he will not hear of pagan influence on the Church; she has a "separate existence," is an "organised visible body," living in independence of her environment. His illustration is characteristic; paganism copied the Church, but not the Church paganism. "So cleverly were the sacraments and rites of Christianity reproduced at one period by the priests of Mithra, that St. Augustine, referring to it, could, almost humorously, exclaim, 'Mithra Christianus est.'" But the question is, whether the imitation was of the Christians or by the Christians. The similarity was noticed long before Augustine, before even Tertullian, to whom the Canon refers in a note. Justin notices it, and the real question is—not, these Fathers said so, therefore so it was—but (1) were the elements as regards which imitation is affirmed original or derivative in Christianity? and (2) were they in Mithraism before or after they appear in the Church? The very discussion of these questions would alone prove the Canon's theory of "Separate Existence" hopelessly untenable. Again, he has similar phenomena in connection with the Scriptures. What he calls "foreign elements in the Sacred Book," legends common to Genesis and the cuneiform inscriptions, Egyptian and Assyrian influence on the symbols and utensils of Israel's worship, Persian thought in the later books of the Old Testament—how are these to be explained? By "the Inspiration of Selection," which "sanctions that which it selects, and nothing beyond." But this is surely of all theories the most futile, and calculated only to make the reasonable man feel shame, and the enemy blaspheme. How did the thing selected come to be? What difference did the act of selection make in its intrinsic worth? What value had it for the people who found it or got it? and how did the occasion or opportunity for selection come to be? If it was good enough for God to select, could it have come into being without Him? If inspiration was needed for its selection, what was needed for its creation? To pass by the system from which the selection was made as if it had no further worth or meaning, is surely to play the part of the religious who refuses to apply thought to religion. We have need to return again to Him who told us that while those who were most consciously children of the Kingdom would be cast out, men would come from the east and west and sit down with Abraham in the Kingdom of God.

Mr. Gore's fundamental idea is as distinctly expressed in his position, worked out as to the Scriptures, waiting to be worked out, let us hope with as satisfactory results, as to the Church. His kindly, reasonable attitude to criticism is entitled to cordial praise. He sees perfectly that nothing is so impotent as the attempt to discredit its principles and results by the comparative criticism of critics. One theory makes another possible, and criticism has not failed, has rather only the more succeeded, because a later supersedes an earlier hypothesis. In passing, each accomplishes something, were it only a completer analysis and fresh combination of the material to be used. Where Mr. Gore has failed is in not giving us any adequate discussion of the ideas of the Church and the Scriptures, or of his notion as to the relation between them. On these points his thought is so vague as to do little more than try to move in a vacuum. Indeed, the remarkable thing in Mr. Gore is his defective idea of the Church, if to the subjective and floating phantasm he so names this term can be applied at all. He exhibits the curious anomaly of a High Churchman who has translated his Church into a sort of beatified egoism. He is deferential

to authority, but reverential to reason, and it was this same happy combination that made William of Occam's apologies for authority more fatal to it than the polemics of other men. Mr. Gore's rather ostentatious deference to authority more subtly undermines it than his frankest affirmation of critical results. The calm way in which he speaks with respect of Augustine, but formulates the principles of Pelagius, excellently makes honour to a Father conceal agreement with a heretic. What is needed to introduce lucidity into his work is the application of his underlying speculative principle to the ideas alike of the Bible and the Church. Meanwhile he has attempted not only to save but to support his Church idea by sacrificing the Biblical, which had hitherto been held as its correlate. But a little thorougher knowledge would have saved him from formulating the exceedingly shallow maxim as to the difficulty of believing in the Bible without believing in the Church. It was formulated in an earlier century by the scholars of an older and greater Church than his; but they soon found that it did more damage to themselves than to their opponents. For the theory that the Church is the authority for the Bible binds the letter of the Bible and the mechanism of the Church together in a way unknown to the theory that the Bible is the authority for the Church. Criticism of either is possible to the second, criticism of neither necessary to the first. The surrender of the Bible to the Church means two things: the loss of the ideal by which the Church can be at once verified and judged, and the subjection of the Church to a tradition that may be termed Catholic, but is without catholicity. The immediate gain may be a neat piece of formal logic; the ultimate issue is the sacrifice of all that lives alike in the Bible and the Church.

NELSON: A RÉCHAUFFÉ.

THE PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIFE OF HORATIO, VISCOUNT NELSON, AS TOLD BY HIMSELF, HIS COMRADES, AND HIS FRIENDS. By G. Latham Browne. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

THE publisher and the printer have heavily weighted this book, not only in pounds avoirdupois, but in exceeding ugliness of type and in the remarkable number of misprints or mistakes in spelling, for some of which we fear the author must be directly responsible. We all have experience of the compositor's ingenuity, but we may doubt whether it is quite equal to the persistent travesty of Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson's name into Jeffreson, or of Mr. Clark Russell's Christian name into Clarke. Whether it is to be blamed for the change of Darby into Danby, Miles into Mills, Sotheron into Southeron, Alison into Allison, is more open to question.

But leaving the manner of the book, to consider the matter, we are filled with wonder as to the object of its publication. It is not to show any new lights on Nelson's career, or to solve any of the oft-mooted problems. Mr. Browne has no new lights, and his knowledge of the old is imperfect and inaccurate; while as to the problems, he is without ideas as to their solution, and is frequently, it would appear, ignorant of their very existence. It is a very rare thing to find an expression of Mr. Browne's opinion, and when we do find one it is commonly erroneous. To recapitulate the few examples of this would be tedious and is unnecessary: it will be sufficient to refer to the statement of his positive belief in the purity of the relations between Nelson and Lady Hamilton, of his confidence that Horatia was not their daughter. But since the finding of the letter beginning, "Now, my own dear wife, for such you are in my eyes and in the face of heaven" (Jeaffreson's "Queen of Naples and Lord Nelson," vol. ii., pp. 271-2), a letter undoubtedly in Nelson's own writing, there remains no possible shadow of doubt about the first, or about Nelson's belief as to the second. The repetition of these old opinions is merely a proof that Mr. Browne has not studied the

subject by the light of recent research. In most cases, however, Mr. Browne contents himself with quoting at length the opinion of some modern writer, of Southey, of Jeaffreson, of Paget, of Jurien de la Gravière, or of numerous others, all apparently classed as Nelson's "comrades and friends." We are compelled to say that in the whole compass of this large and truly ponderous volume there is not a single new presentment or criticism, nothing but a crude and undigested mass of second-hand material.

In one point alone does the book add to our knowledge. It makes public three portraits of Nelson, now engraved for the first time. Of these, one painted by Guzzardi for the King of Naples, and now in the possession of Earl Nelson, would seem to be a replica of the one at the Admiralty, a copy of which is in the National Portrait Gallery. Another, by Rigaud, also in the possession of Earl Nelson, by whom it was bought from the Locker family, represents him at the age of twenty-two, a young captain, taken, presumably, after paying off the *Albemarle*. It is curiously different from the later portraits. The third, representing him as a boy, a midshipman, is from a photograph of a painting attributed to Gainsborough, which cannot now be traced. But its history and pedigree are obscure. Mr. Browne considers it doubtful whether the original is by Gainsborough, to which we will add our own belief that it is very doubtful whether it is a portrait of Nelson. The uniform is, we think, of a distinctly later date.

A PLAYER'S LIFE.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON. London: T. Fisher Unwin. New York: The Century Co. 1890.

MR. JEFFERSON compares his book, for its "loose and rugged style," with the "fearlessly ungrammatical but extremely interesting" *Memoirs of Tate Wilkinson*. This modest parallel might have been extended. The books are alike—and unlike nearly every other of their kind—in their transparent honesty. Both are stamped on every page with the impress of a shrewd mother-wit, an incurable optimism, and an unerring instinct for the right in all that concerns actors and the art of acting. And both are the memorials of "vagrom men."

On one point the palm is with Wilkinson. He has

"What is frequent on palms—that is, dates."

Mr. Jefferson flaunts his neglect of chronology. "Accurate statistics, with dates, and long rows of figures," he thinks, "are somewhat tedious." Possibly; but when the conscientious reviewer has to hunt these things up from extraneous sources, he is like to feel that the tediousness has been shifted to the wrong quarter. It is at least expected of every (male) autobiographer that he shall begin at the beginning, with the date of his birth. Yet it is by a mere accident that the book shows Mr. Jefferson to have been born at Philadelphia in 1829. The son and grandson of an actor, he was bound to make a precocious *début* on the "boards." It was, of course, as the infant in *Pizarro*, and this infant, of course, pulled off Rolla's wig. The story has been told of many stage-infants, but Mr. Jefferson confidently believes himself to have been the "original scalper." At the age of four he was a miniature Jim Crow, and was brought on the stage in a carpet-bag. For the next quarter of a century he was a strolling player. His wanderings would recall the *Odyssey*, were they not so much more suggestive of Scarron's *Roman Comique*. They begin, as Ulysses' did, on shipboard, but, unlike Ulysses', on the Erie Canal. Joseph's parents contracted with the skipper that their fares should be paid by performances at the ports of call *en route*, and little Joseph made up the balance by singing comic songs to the skipper, all alone, in his private cabin. At Chicago "the captain said he had enjoyed a splendid trip." From Chicago they travelled in open wagons over the prairie, and sometimes in sleighs over frozen

rivers. But it was always a splendid trip—except at Pekin, where they had to play in a pork-house, and the pigs joined in the choruses. At Springfield, too, there were difficulties, the Puritan municipality wanting to mulct the poor strollers in a heavy fee for the privilege of opening a booth. A young lawyer offered to plead their cause, and (as lawyers will) “traced the history of the drama from the time when Thespis acted in a cart.” His eloquence prevailed, and the tax was taken off. The young lawyer’s name was Abraham Lincoln. At Mobile young Joseph had the honour of acting with Macready, and his second adventure with a wig. He burnt Macready’s, and the (doubly) incensed tragedian pursued him all over the stage. Mr. Jefferson, with his usual engaging vagueness, fixes the date of this exploit as “this season.” A reference to Macready’s diary will show that it must have occurred in March, 1844. It was in Texas that the strollers found the heartiest audiences. Only the sublime of Shakesperian tragedy would pass there, and for choice *Richard III.* But during the love scene with the Lady Anne, her ladyship was informed by a gentleman in the boxes that the tyrant “had already two Mexican wives in San Antonio.” And when Richard’s death on Bosworth Field was greeted with a shout of “Keno!” (i.e., Texan for *Finis*), the dead sate up and warned the interrupter that he would “Keno!” him in the morning. Sometimes these *Romans Comiques* turned *au tragique*. As when, in the Seminole War, a travelling company was massacred by Indians. The braves attired themselves in the theatrical wardrobe, and some of them were subsequently hanged in the robes of Hamlet and Othello. Joseph would book no engagements on the Seminole circuit.

His *Wanderjahre* came to an end in 1857, when he joined Miss Laura Keane’s company in New York as first comedian. The production of *Our American Cousin* in the next year was the turning-point in his career. As a stroller he had been a “legitimate” actor: his success in Asa Trenchard revealed to him his true vocation in what are called “character” parts. In 1859 he was a “summer boarder” at an old Dutch farmhouse in Pennsylvania, read Washington Irving, and was brought acquainted with “Rip van Winkle.” The story fascinated him. There were three stage versions in existence—all failures. He got Dion Boucicault to rewrite it, played it first at Washington in 1860, and has gone on playing it ever since—in London, Australia, New Zealand, and if not China, at any rate Peru. The world has insisted upon his playing Rip, and nothing but Rip. In return, he has insisted upon playing Rip in his own way. The realists have entreated him to bring a real dog Schneider on the stage. The temperance people have conjured him to refuse the cup which Gretchen offers Rip at the close of the play. The patriots have suggested the introduction of the Continental army in the last act, and of speeches about American independence. But Rip has wisely turned a deaf ear.

He is now in retirement in Louisiana, *cultivant son jardin*, like that other wanderer, Candide, and minded to enjoy the smooth evening of his days. Smooth we must all hope it will be, for his book shows that the actor’s calling is, after all, not incompatible with the spirit of true gentleness. Of the scores of players mentioned in his pages, there is not one for whom he can find an unkind word. Sothern overshadowed him in *Our American Cousin*, and he has nothing but generous praise for Sothern. Forrest’s hand was against every man, and he has only a friendly hand-grip for Forrest. Once, forty years ago, he admits that he felt a momentary touch of envy at the success of a rival, John E. Owens, and even now he has twinges of conscience about that grievous sin.

Sybarites in the matter of type and paper will find this book to their taste, and the collector of theatrical portraits will gloat over its illustrations. But it has one fault, the fault of too many modern books: it will not readily lie open on the table.

This is a serious grievance for the reviewers, who (it is well known) do most of their reviewing at meals. One of these has tried to flatten it with all the paper-weights that lie ready to the hand of the dinner-table reader—with a napkin-ring, the nut-crackers, and a heavy salt-cellar; and it has proved too stubborn for them all.

STIRLING-MAXWELL’S HISTORY OF SPANISH ART.

ANNALS OF THE ARTISTS OF SPAIN. By Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Bart. A New Edition, incorporating the Author’s own Notes, Additions, and Emendations. Four Vols. London: J. C. Nimmo. 1891.

WE live in a scientific age. The principles of scientific research are followed to a great and increasing extent in most departments of education, and in none more conspicuously than in the criticism and history of art. Within the last ten years a school of investigators has sprung up in Germany, Holland, Belgium, Italy, and also in England, which has done much to revolutionise not only the style, but the matter of art-history. So that the reprint of a historical work on art and artists, published so far back as 1848, would seem to demand some justification.

The late Sir William Stirling-Maxwell was a good example of the polished and cultured literary amateur of his day. To him the historical study of art was a cherished hobby, and the domain of Spanish art and Spanish history was for a time one in which he reigned supreme. He delighted in gathering together all the masses of tradition and romance which lend such a glamour to the dry chronicles of history; and he clothed these with a vesture of elegant language, and ornamented them with suitable illustrations in a way which betokened an immense enthusiasm, both as an author and an antiquary.

Among his works, which are mostly connected with the history of art in Spain, the best known and most popular is his “Annals of Art and Artists in Spain,” first published in 1848. The publication of this work revealed as it were a new world of art. Velazquez and Murillo, especially Murillo, had been known to the world, and become popular favourites, since the Napoleonic spoliation of the Peninsula; but the names of Berruguete, Cano, Castillo, Coello, Morales, Tristan, Vargas, and others were almost unknown. These “Annals” are perhaps the most fascinating book of art-history ever written, and, as the whole subject of the history of Spanish art has been but slightly touched upon by our severer critics of to-day, Stirling-Maxwell’s book still holds its own as the standard book of reference on this subject. Hence a new edition of the book has been hoped for ever since its talented author’s death.

We doubt, however, whether the form in which this new edition appears can be considered to meet the requirements of the time.

In the preface to the present edition the editor, Mr. Robert Guy, states that the republication of the work is justified by the scarcity and consequent high price of the original edition. This is indeed the case, but the original edition was published in three handy octavo volumes, while the four volumes of the present edition, though undeniably handsome in appearance, are exceedingly cumbrous in size. It is true that numerous notes and emendations by the author himself have been added, and that the author’s own contribution to the history of Velazquez, formerly published separately, is now incorporated. Since, however, the publication of Mr. C. B. Curtis’s exhaustive catalogue of the works of Velazquez and Murillo, and of Herr Carl Justi’s still more important work on Velazquez, now fortunately accessible to English readers through the translation by Professor Keane, there was but little necessity for a reprint of Sir William Stirling-Maxwell’s history of that painter. All succeeding writers have done full justice to the merits of his work,

and embodied what was valuable in their own. In re-editing so important a work as the "Annals of Art and Artists in Spain," it might have been expected that full use would have been made of the wealth of historical material now at the disposal of the student, especially anyone with knowledge of other languages besides his own—an absolutely indispensable acquirement for the true historian of art. Such works as M. Hymans's edition of Carel van Mander's "Schilder-Boeck," or M. Michiels's "Histoire de la Peinture Flamande," would have thrown a flood of light on the lives and works of the many Flemings who followed their native sovereign, Charles V., into Spain. The same with the Italian painters, so much patronised by the succeeding monarchs. Beyond a few references to the works of Mr. Curtis and Herr Justi, mentioned above, and to Mr. Symonds's admirable rendering of Benvenuto Cellini's "Life," there is little to show that the present editor is conscious of the immense development in the critical and historical aspect of art. In spite, however, of this deficiency, the book has lost none of its fascination. Its charm might possibly have been diminished had the ruthless hand of modern criticism destroyed the credibility of the numberless anecdotes which make the book such pleasant reading.

There are many interesting phases in the history of art in Spain. Under the kings of the earlier race, art made but little progress; and it is characteristic of the irreconcilable difference between the European and the Oriental temperament, that the long sojourn of the Moors in the south of Spain, and the matchless buildings which they left behind them, excited so little imitative interest in the popular imagination.

Under Charles V., from his birth more Fleming than Spaniard, the Flemish influence pervaded art in Spain; under Philip II. the art of Italy obtained a mastery, which, with some notable exceptions, was never really shaken off. When Spanish art reveals itself in a native form, it is with a strong leaning to pronounced realism, though tinged with a deep and repellant asceticism, betokening the grim shadow of the Inquisition. Velazquez and Murillo were the chief artists strong enough to throw off the religious fetters.

In late years Murillo has lost some of the hold which he had on the popular favour, while, on the other hand, the advance of Velazquez to the highest repute among painters of all nations has been very remarkable. This is, perhaps, partly due to the teaching of the modern school of painting in France; we may, however, safely attribute it to the general spread of realism throughout the artistic world.

Stirling-Maxwell justly remarks that with the House of Austria departed the artistic glories of Spain. They perished in the disastrous wars of the Spanish succession, and the race of Bourbons, who succeeded to the throne, failed entirely, or were naturally deficient in the capacity, to create any national spirit in art.

As a reprint, we welcome this work. Regarding it as a new and enlarged edition, we cannot help regretting that Sir John Stirling-Maxwell, in fulfilling this pious duty, did not take steps to secure that the re-editing should be done in a way which would not only have renewed its interest for the general public, but enhanced its value for all students of art history.

In the face of Mr. Curtis's catalogue, mentioned above, it is palpably absurd to reprint Stirling-Maxwell's own catalogue of the works of Velazquez and Murillo, especially as no attempt is made to trace the present homes of the many pictures which have changed hands during the last forty years. Moreover, the index, a good one for forty years ago, is quite inadequate for the requirements of the present age.

There is still room for a more succinct and more critical history of art and artists in Spain.

THREE NOVELS.

1. AN HONOURABLE ESTATE. By Louisa Crow. Two vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1890.
2. BETA. By Mrs. Bourne. Three vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.
3. LOVE'S LEGACY. By Richard Ashe King ("Basil"). Three vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.

If one wished to bring the common charge of plagiarism against the author of "An Honourable Estate," it would not be necessary to go to one of the less-known French writers—so dear to him that detects plagiarism—for its substantiation. Just as the patriarch Jacob, when he wished to marry Rachel, found that Leah had been substituted for her, so Rolf, the hero of this book, when he imagined that he was marrying the beautiful but unworthy Maude, was really marrying the less beautiful but more worthy Percie. The charge of plagiarism in this case might be satisfactorily answered in more than one way; but, we imagine, the author would hardly care to plead that she had never read the book to which we refer. Of course, Rolf's marriage took place in Scotland. The Scotch marriage-laws have done much, very much, for the writers of fiction. There are fine potentialities in them. The author of romance can move more freely than when he is circumscribed by the cold, commercial restrictions which prevail south of the Tweed. Rolf certainly did not lose by the fraud which was practised upon him. Percie is one of the very few tolerable people in these two volumes; she was not so pretty as Maude, but she had the heroine's common knack of looking prettier than usual when the story required it. Maude, on the other hand, was distinctly sordid. Indeed, the whole of the first volume seems to us somewhat sordid, mean, and displeasing in its tone; it is only with the second volume that the hero and heroine really begin to win the reader's affection and interest. The story is undoubtedly constructed with some skill; there is a little cleverness and originality shown in it; it is, in fact, a very fair example of the average novel. For the sake of the story it contains, one is able to read it once, but there is nothing in it of more lasting value.* It avoids the worst faults, but it is not free from needless and irritating concessions to conventionality, and it does not possess the spirit and distinctive quality which entitle a novel to rank among the best fiction of the day.

"Beta" is a sensational and melodramatic novel, but it shows more originality and power in its delineation of character than are usually to be found in melodrama. Beta's best qualities were her truth and her affection, but she added to these a love of money—or rather, of the luxury which money brings—that led her to the sin which the world does not forgive. Her marriage with a young author, a fine character, could reclaim her morally and spiritually, and if it could not reclaim her socially, are there not opportune carriage accidents and easeful death always ready for the penitents of fiction? Many of the characters of the story are less satisfactory, but the heroine is undoubtedly a clever sketch. The villain is all that a villain is expected to be. His name, Philip Lemaire, is in some undefinable way suggestive of villainy. He had a scar on his face, and he disguised himself freely. He also committed murder, and was sentenced to death, but hanging was not nearly romantic enough for him. A deformed, devoted girl visited him in prison, and as she was kissing him, conveyed a small tube of prussic acid from her own mouth to his. Of course, such a terrible fellow as Philip Lemaire could not be captured without the aid of a detective. Will this dear, familiar detective never cease to please? He was with us at the beginning of the year, and he seems to be hardly less popular now. Providence favours him, even as it favours the big battalions; he always finds some simple rustic, or some genial inn-keeper, ready to tell him all he wants to know. The story itself is not entralling; nor, on the other

Dec
hand,
better
volum
this b
fault
in the
take a
Mr.
good
is mo
posse
mind
avera
and v
book
suffic
is a n
Gwyn
most
the
Then
accus
comm
fathe
she c
in de
heroi
even
out
close
for
not
too r
comp
whic
is ea
are
shou
1. Po
I
S
2. Q
3. T
Mr.
whi
able
its
per
An
clud
his
into
cism
who
sto
pre
Tan
sig
ski
unl
and
litt
of
iro
Ta
Ta
tha
in
am
"T
tar
ch
ca
be
cit
th

hand, is it without interest. It would have been better if it had been shorter; the second and third volumes seem sometimes to be rather prolonged. In this book, as in "An Honourable Estate," the worst fault is its conventionality; and its chief merit lies in the evidence which it gives that its author could take a more original line.

Mr. Ashe King has very nearly written a really good novel. The first volume of "Love's Legacy" is most promising. It shows that the author possesses at least a more appreciative and cultured mind than is generally evidenced by the writer of average fiction. Gwynn is an admirable character, and wins our sympathies at once. The hero of the book is at first, perhaps, a little weak, but he suffices. The heroine is charming, and her father is a most unprincipled and interesting person. But Gwynn dies at the close of the first volume, and most of the other characters at once begin to play the old-fashioned game of "spot the murderer." Then we get to the strong situation. The hero, accused of murder, knows that the heroine's father committed that murder. If the heroine loses her father, she will die of grief. If she loses the hero, she ought to do no less. The hero must have been in doubt on this last point, for he becomes very heroic, and does his best to protect the father, even at the cost of his own life. Everything works out properly in the end, and we think that the close of the book will probably contain a surprise for the ordinary reader. Unfortunately, we do not get to the end nearly soon enough. There are too many quotations from the local press, too many complications, too much of that kind of cleverness which is a weariness to the reader. But the style is easy and pleasant, some of the minor characters are amusing, and on the whole we feel that we should be grateful.

SOME HUMORISTS.

1. PORT TARASCON. The Last Adventures of the Illustrious Tartarin. By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Henry James. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. 1891.
2. QUITE AT HOME. By F. C. Burnand. London: Bradbury, Agnew & Co. 1890.
3. THE SCHOONER "MERRY CHANTER." By Frank R. Stockton. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. 1890.

MR. HENRY JAMES'S preface to "Port Tarascon," which he has translated, is in every respect admirable. At once temperate and sympathetic, deep in its insight, vivid and forceful in its language, it is a perfect model of what a critical preface should be. An intelligent reader of the trilogy which is concluded by "Port Tarascon" will find, often enough, his own illusive, formless thoughts crystallised here into the most fit and happy words; for right criticism is more easy than its right expression. Those who have never heard of the baobab or the alpenstock of honour will find themselves enabled by the preface to appreciate most of the allusions in "Port Tarascon." It is a preface which never seems to lose sight of any class of reader, and which with great skill meets the needs of each. The translation, unlike most translations, is written in natural and idiomatic English. Of the story itself, very little need be said. It is an admirable example of its author's gentle geniality, with the vein of ironical humour in it. We regret that with "Port Tarascon" we must take leave of the illustrious Tartarin, never more illustrious and stupendous than in this book. A true note of pathos is struck in the record of his end; another's illusion is often amusing enough, but disillusion is always pathetic. "The Tarasconians have opened my eyes," said Tartarin, no longer illustrious but fallen and melancholy. "It is as if I had been operated on for cataract." The Tarasconians themselves had also been operated upon. At the close of this book their city is no longer the home of warm Southern enthusiasm and uncontrollable mendacity; or, rather

the mendacity has now taken the form of understatement. "We no longer say," remarks the gentle Páscalon, on the last page of the book, "that yesterday, in our old arena, there were at least fifty thousand people; we say it's putting it strong to call them at the very most half a dozen. It's only another kind of exaggeration."

"Quite at Home" is one volume of the collected uniform edition of Mr. Burnand's works. It consists of three sketches, and one of the sketches is two—a dark saying, but easily explained by reference to the book. Mr. Burnand seems to have arranged them progressively. The third is the best, and the second is better than the first. When we read "In a Country House" we chuckle occasionally, but we are certainly happier with "Friends at a Distance," and laugh unquenchably and almost unintermittently over "Round about my Garden." The first of the three represents, perhaps, Mr. Burnand's low-water mark, but we doubt if he has done anything much funnier than the sketch of the aunt in the third, whose curious style of conversation arises "out of an economical desire to save time by thinking of sentence number two while in the middle of sentence number one." She does a good deal of talking, and gets into a variety of verbal entanglements. Some of these are portmanteau-words. For instance, "mecomember" obviously arises from simultaneous inclinations towards "remember" and "recollect," the inclination towards "remember" being the stronger, but not strong enough to lead to the choice of that word and the total exclusion of "recollect." So, too, the aunt, when she says "guano," explains that she means "guitar and piano." This is a very tightly packed portmanteau-word. But many of her entanglements cannot be explained on this principle, and some of them are by no means easy. One sees at a glance what musical instrument the dear old lady wished to name when she said "koo beagle," but it is not quite so easy to decide what she intended when she described Charlotte Glymphyn as being "dottled and serried," a phrase which she would doubtless have justified by an appeal to "Dixon's Johnsonary." Mr. Burnand gives us a word of explanation when the aunt gets unusually difficult. She would be of serious interest, we should imagine, to the philologist; she is certainly a joy to the ordinary reader. The book is full of good-tempered satire and clever sketches of character. These volumes of Mr. Burnand's collected works should be found in the library of every country house. They are bright, genial, and wholesome, and excellent company for leisure hours.

Mr. Stockton has written eccentric and amusing books aforetime, but we doubt if he ever wrote anything more eccentric or more amusing than "The Schooner *Merry Chanter*." It is almost as delirious as Mr. Lewis Carroll's "Hunting of the Snark," and quite as funny. But it is not easy to compare Mr. Stockton to anyone; his humour is his own. Even in so small a matter as the choice of proper names he seems to assert his individuality. Where, except in one of Mr. Stockton's books, should we find three sisters named Alwilda, Lizeth, and Dolor Tripp? It was intended that the *Merry Chanter* should sail to Boston, so of course she never got there. But what combination of pursuit, mistakes, sandbanks, barnacles, and paving-stones led her to stop finally in Shankashank Bay, may best be discovered by reading the book. As the schooner's crew consisted entirely of captains, we feel that she ought to have done better. Among her passengers were an English peer and a butcher. They were rivals for the hand of Dolor Tripp, and very justly divided the day into watches, and took turns at making love to her. "After supper there were no watches, because Captain Timon declared that as long as he commanded the ship he would see no woman overworked." The book's worst fault is its brevity. It can be read through at a sitting, and everyone who reads will be sorry that there is not more of it.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

MR. LOCH has written a timely and valuable little book of scarcely more than a hundred pages, in which he explains the growth and work in England of "Charity Organisation," and the principles on which the society proceeds in the administration of relief. The Charity Organisation movement has made great strides during the last twenty years, and Mr. Loch has sifted a mass of evidence, furnished by local workers in all parts of England and Scotland, and gives the reader the broad results, with his own opinions upon them, in these pages. The Charity Organisation Society was established in 1869, and as it has now attained its majority, it is well that this attempt to estimate its work and to set forth its aims should be made by one who is qualified by personal knowledge to speak with authority upon the subject. Mr. Loch contends that the usefulness of charitable institutions is increased, and their injurious tendencies are checked if there is an organisation of charity, since that implies methods which lead to thoroughness in the care of the unfortunate and afflicted. The true almoner, he thinks, must above all be practical; what he needs is the spirit, though not the methods, of Francis of Assisi. Devotion, courage, and simplicity, to say nothing of tenderness, marked that great philanthropist of the Middle Ages, in his brave attempt to grapple with the social problems of his day, and these characteristics are not less needed at the present time. The methods of charity organisation consist in individual work on the one hand, and co-operation on the other, aided by systematic inquiry, and backed up as far as possible, in all deserving cases, by adequate as well as prompt assistance. It is claimed by Mr. Loch that whatever form charity organisation may take in the future, the work of the society is in harmony with the main lines of social development. In fact, the "great mass of the people are continually raising themselves above the pressure of want by means which, directly or indirectly, the Charity Organisation Society is trying to promote." In proof of this statement, statistics relating to the growth of Friendly and Co-operative Societies, Trade Unions, Savings Banks, and the like, are cited. The Charity Organisation movement has already influenced public opinion widely, and many of the clergy have, in consequence, been led to modify and improve their system of parochial relief. The co-operation between the society and the guardians differs greatly in various towns, but wherever it is cordial and close there appears to be steady decrease in out-door relief, and if the case of Oxford holds good elsewhere, a corresponding increase in the sums deposited in the Post Office Savings Bank. There is truth in Mr. Loch's assertion that a good deal of criticism, incident to change, can only be met by further change. What is needed, he asserts, is a union, far more perfect than that which at present exists, of the religious spirit of charity with a citizenship intent on the fulfilment of social duty.

The new issue of "The Public Schools Year-Book" is in every way an improvement on its predecessor, and no pains have been spared by the compilers of the volume to bring the information strictly up to date, as well as to render it concise in form and comprehensive in scope. The schools included in the present edition are the same as last year, but the statements about them have been revised and, in some cases, rewritten; whilst Woolwich, Sandhurst, Cooper's Hill, and H.M.S. Britannia, have been added to the list. The aim of the book is to deal with all matters of interest to parents, schoolmasters, and boys; and therefore, not only studies, but sports are included in the work. One useful feature of the book consists in a list of preparatory schools which seek to train young boys for Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, Malvern, Fettes, Westminster, and other well-known schools. Teachers are certain to welcome the brief critical notes on the chief educational books of the year; and we mistake the lads altogether if they do not con with at least equal avidity the detailed information which is given about the achievements in cricket, football, rowing, rackets, and other athletic sports of the various public schools of the land. The book is capitally arranged and carefully edited.

In his diary under date of June 22nd, 1854, Longfellow wrote these words, "I have at length hit upon a plan for a poem on the American Indians which seems to me the right one,

and the only. It is to weave together their beautiful traditions into a whole. I have hit upon a measure, too, which I think the right and only one for such a theme." A year later the "Song of Hiawatha" was published, and ran rapidly through many editions in spite of the angry controversy which followed for a time in its wake about the origin of "the measure," and the poet's supposed indebtedness to the Kalevala. The legends of the prairie-land never found a more exquisite setting, and the art of Longfellow was seldom seen to greater advantage than in this dreamy allegorical reflection of the life of a vanishing race. An extremely choice *édition de luxe* of "Hiawatha" has just appeared with illustrations from designs by Frederic Remington, and we have seen few more beautiful books this season. The artist has caught in a remarkable way the spirit of the poem, and not merely the plate illustrations, but the pen-and-ink drawings, which occur on the margin of every page, are of unusual merit. The book is elegantly bound in old leather, and it will be difficult to suggest, on the score of taste, any improvement.

Longfellow once described Sir Philip Sidney's "Defence of Poesy" as a golden little volume, which the scholar may lay beneath his pillow, as Chrysostom did the works of Aristophanes. A new edition, with a critical introduction and scholarly notes of the famous rejoinder to Gosson's "School of Abuse," has just appeared under the capable editorship of Professor Cook, of Yale University. The date of "The Defence" cannot now be more than approximately determined, but Professor Cook gives good reasons for placing it as late as 1583. It was not, however, published till 1595, and then by two different printers—Olney and Ponsonby. The former gave the treatise the title, "An Apologie for Poetrie," whilst the latter termed it "The Defence of Poesy"—the title by which it is now generally known. As an essay on the nature, objects, and effects of poetry as an art, the Defence has deservedly won a permanent place in English literature, and not less by the force of its reasoning than the beauty of its style. At the same time the little book has possibly been over-praised, and this has doubtless in part arisen from the admiration awakened by the noble character and romantic history of the writer. Sir Philip Sidney is not inaptly described in these pages as a man of affairs, who discharged the function of the scholar with the imaginative insight of the poet. He was indebted to Plato, and still more to Aristotle, and Professor Cook thinks that Dante and Sealiger also helped to fashion and inform his thought.

Mr. Glazebrook does not exaggerate the difficulty of teaching Old Testament history to boys when he asserts that systematic lessons based upon the text of the Bible need an amount of knowledge which few schoolmasters have time to acquire, and involve difficulties which few schoolboys will take the trouble to vanquish. It is, of course, possible by means of a careful abstract to teach lads the facts of Jewish history, but the great drawback to this is the sacrifice of the poetry and beauty of the original setting. Mr. Glazebrook has accordingly prepared two volumes for the senior forms, and one for the junior classes, of "Lessons from the Old Testament." He uses the text of the Authorised Version, and so arranges his selections as to form a continuous narrative, making corrections where, in his judgment, the sense was either "very obscure or wholly wrong." Passages and phrases not suitable for class-teaching have been omitted, and where necessary brief notes have been added. By this plan Mr. Glazebrook has found it possible, as the result of long experience, to combine historical with religious instruction. The sense of continuity is by this method brightened, and it is also possible, without repetition, to give within practicable compass a complete history, and to do so in the words of the Bible itself. We heartily commend these volumes, not only to schoolmasters, but to parents.

In a compact volume of four hundred pages Messrs. Virtue & Co. have issued an "Art Dictionary" based on the well-known manual of M. Jules Adeline's "Lexique des Termes d'Art," whilst the result of Mr. F. W. Fairholt's labours in the same field have been utilised. The plan covers the terms which are usually employed in painting, sculpture, engraving, architecture, and heraldry, and though the work is, of course, elementary, it explains briefly and clearly most, if not all, of the technical terms connected with the theory and practice of art. There are nearly two thousand small illustrations scattered through the text.

NOTICE.

EDITORIAL COMMUNICATIONS

should be addressed to "THE EDITOR," and Advertisements to "THE MANAGER," at 116, Fleet Street, E.C. The Editor cannot return Manuscripts which are sent to him unsolicited.

ADVERTISEMENTS

should be received not later than THURSDAY morning.

Applications for copies of THE SPEAKER, and Subscriptions, should be sent to CASSELL & COMPANY, Limited, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION BY POST—

Yearly	£1 8s.
Half-yearly	14s.
Quarterly	7s.

* CHARITY ORGANISATION. By C. S. Loch, B.A., Secretary to the London Charity Organisation Society. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Paternoster Square. Crown 8vo. (2s. 6d.)

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS YEAR-BOOK, 1890-1891. Edited by Three Public School Men—Eton, Harrow, and Winchester. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. Crown 8vo. (2s. 6d.)

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. With Illustrations from Designs by Frederic Remington. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. Demy 8vo. (21s.)

THE DEFENCE OF POESY. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Albert S. Cook. Boston: Ginn & Co. London: Edward Arnold. Crown 8vo.

LESSONS FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT. Senior Course. By M. G. Glazebrook, M.A., High Master of the Manchester Grammar School. Two Vols. London: Percival & Co. Crown 8vo. (2s. 6d. each.)

LESSONS FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT. Junior Course. By the Rev. M. G. Glazebrook, M.A. London: Percival & Co. Crown 8vo. (2s. 6d.)

ADELINÉ'S ART DICTIONARY. Translated from the French, and Enlarged. Illustrated. London: J. S. Virtue & Co. Demy 8vo.

THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1890.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE general position in Ireland, as between MR. PARNELL and the Nationalist party, has changed but little during the week; though such change as has taken place has been in favour of the Nationalists. MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY has had an enthusiastic reception at a large public meeting in Cork, and has spoken out clearly on the duty of his fellow-countrymen in the present crisis. The issue of *Suppressed United Ireland* has been prohibited, as an infringement of title, by the Dublin judges, who have thus done something to aid MR. PARNELL. MR. W. O'BRIEN is now on his way across the Atlantic, and will probably be in Paris early in the week. When he sailed from New York he talked of an "honourable reconciliation" between MR. PARNELL and his followers as being still possible. If he had been in England instead of in America, he would have known that any such solution of the existing difficulty is out of the question. He has announced that, failing his attempt to bring about a settlement, he will deliver himself up to the authorities in order to serve the term of imprisonment to which he was sentenced by MR. BALFOUR's two agents, MESSRS. IRWIN and SHANNON.

THE proceedings at Kilkenny during the past week have been of a remarkable character. MR. PARNELL, until he was temporarily disabled by a cowardly blow, fought for his nominee MR. SCULLY with a vigour at least as great as that which he showed in No. 15 Committee Room. The most remarkable features of his oratory were its violence and its poverty of thought. Abuse of the most virulent kind was freely poured upon the men who had deposed him from the leadership; they were held up to the contempt of Irishmen as miserable "gutter sparrows," as adventurers, as traitors, as tools of England. SIR JOHN POPE HENNESSY, who had been selected by MR. PARNELL himself to stand for Kilkenny, was—with a magnificent disdain for the common virtue of consistency—denounced as a place-hunter, a friend of the landlords, and an enemy of the people. But whilst there was abuse of this kind in abundance, there has been, from first to last, no trace in MR. PARNELL'S speeches of those intellectual qualities which it was generally believed lay hidden behind his cold exterior. The louder he has screamed the feebler and balder have been the ideas to which he has given utterance.

ON the other side the field has been taken by the Irish Nationalists with a vigour and energy hardly inferior to MR. PARNELL'S. MR. HEALY and MR. DAVITT in particular have assailed their old leader with a directness of invective that has startled and even shocked some of those English controversialists who disapprove of strong language anywhere except in the Irish articles of the *Times*. They have insisted upon tearing to rags the flimsy pretext invented by MR. PARNELL that his deposition was the result of a wicked conspiracy to which MR. GLADSTONE, MR. MORLEY, MR. DILLON, and MR. O'BRIEN were parties, and have shown that it is his own sin, and his selfish determination that the punishment of that sin should fall upon anybody rather than upon himself, which has led to the present crisis. On

Tuesday MR. DAVITT met MR. PARNELL face to face in one of the villages in which meetings on behalf of the rival candidates were being held. A collision took place between the supporters of each, and MR. DAVITT was struck by one of MR. PARNELL'S followers. Subsequently when MR. PARNELL was driving away, some substance—a stone according to one account, a bag of flour according to another—was thrown in his face, and we regret to say that his eye was injured. It is noticeable that the police have not interfered in any way between the two parties. It is still more noticeable that the authorities have distinctly favoured MR. PARNELL, and that his candidate will receive the Tory vote in Kilkenny on Monday.

It is impossible for outsiders to forecast the result of the election. Both sides profess to be confident of victory; and it will not be until the ballot boxes give up their secret that the truth will be revealed. At present, appearances indicate that all the respectable men of the Nationalist party support SIR JOHN POPE HENNESSY; and the manner in which MR. PARNELL has been received during the week indicates that if he has many followers in the constituency, they are afraid to give expression to their opinions. On the other hand, MR. PARNELL commands both the party organisation and large sums of money. These, with the *prestige* attaching to his name, must count for much, and will tend to make the contest a more equal one than it otherwise would be. The suggestion that his recent proceedings are due to "cerebral excitement" has been repeated during the past week, and is to some extent confirmed by the account of his appearance and manner given by some of the newspaper correspondents—notably by the writer of the very graphic articles appearing in the *Daily News*.

THE Bassetlaw election resulted on Monday in the return of Sir FREDERICK MILNER, the Tory candidate, by a majority of 723. The result had been universally anticipated, but the largeness of the majority was an unpleasant surprise to the Liberals. We have shown elsewhere, not only that it was right to contest the seat, although from the first there had been no hope of winning it, but that the result ought not to discourage the defeated side. The one fact which is made clearly apparent by the figures is that, whereas the Tory party has only increased by 14 votes since 1885, when its fortunes were at the lowest ebb, the Liberal party has lost 419 since the same year, when there was no division in its ranks consequent upon the introduction of Home Rule, and when it was represented in the Bassetlaw division by a candidate of great territorial influence. To say in these circumstances that we owe our defeat to MR. PARNELL'S recent proceedings is to show the strangest possible incapacity for estimating political forces rightly. We have lost the Liberal Unionist party in Bassetlaw, and we have lost nothing else; and it is no small consolation to know that in this particular division the Liberal Unionist party numbers less than five per cent. of the constituency as a whole.

THE result of the election has given rise to a degree of jubilation among all sections of the supporters of the Ministry which shows how

completely they have lost their heads under the effect of recent incidents in the history of the Irish party. A month ago they knew that their fate was sealed; that the general election was rapidly approaching, and that it would bring with it their defeat, the disappearance of the present Ministry, the triumph of MR. GLADSTONE, and the adoption of Home Rule. Now they feel convinced that all this is changed, and there is not one of them who does not point to the Bassetlaw election in proof of the extent and character of the change. Even so shrewd an electioneerer as SIR HENRY JAMES seems to have been carried away by the sudden respite which he and his political associates have received. It is nothing to them that they owe this respite to no cleverness of their own; that they have no thanks to offer to MR. BALFOUR for it; that the escape of the ship from the doom towards which it was inevitably drifting is due to the sudden treachery of an enemy and to no skill or valour on the part of captain or crew. It suffices for them that they are saved; that the general election does not mean absolutely certain destruction; and so their joy knows no bounds, and they look upon Bassetlaw as the certain forerunner of the result of the next dissolution.

HEREIN, however, they are assuredly mistaken—as we have ventured to point out elsewhere. The Bassetlaw election, although it occurred when all was confusion and dismay in connection with Irish affairs, has conclusively proved that the Liberal party remains intact. That the Liberal Unionists have not, as a body, returned to us was what we knew at all times; and they could hardly be expected to come back at the moment when this fierce struggle is being waged for the leadership in Ireland. But that those Liberals who have followed MR. GLADSTONE—the enormous majority of the old Liberal party—should see in the result of this election any reason for turning their backs upon Home Rule, or for breaking the alliance with the Nationalists of Ireland, is what no true Liberal will for a moment admit. Much of course must depend upon the ultimate issue of the struggle in Ireland. MR. PARNELL'S re-establishment of his supremacy there would alter the whole condition of political affairs in England; but unless that deplorable event should happen, the Liberals of England will stand where they did so far as Ireland is concerned.

THE joy of the Liberal Unionists has led some of their party to break into strains of exultant song, the like of which has hardly been heard since the Israelites celebrated their escape from the pursuing PHARAOH and his hosts. Indeed SIR HENRY JAMES at the Liberal Unionist banquet on Tuesday, and MR. CHAMBERLAIN at a committee meeting at Birmingham on Wednesday, plumed and perked themselves in such a manner over the fall of MR. PARNELL, and took such vast credit to themselves for having foreseen everything which has happened during the past month, that it is difficult to resist the conclusion that they believe themselves to have been the inventors of MRS. O'SHEA. MR. CHAMBERLAIN has (of course) seized the present opportunity in order to reproduce upon the stage the notion of a "National Party," with himself as the First Nationalist, which proved so dismal a failure on its first appearance a few months ago. The *Times* has thought his speech and proposal worthy of serious comment. There is no Liberal in the United Kingdom who shares the opinion of the *Times* on this point.

YET MR. CHAMBERLAIN once more deludes himself with the notion that Birmingham is the Mecca towards which penitent Gladstonians now turn their longing eyes, and that he himself is the leader under whose banner they are burning to range themselves. It would be interesting to know on what grounds he

bases this theory. He says he has had letters supporting it. From whom have they come? He implies that he is now seen by Home Rulers to have been right all through the controversies of the past five years, MR. GLADSTONE presumably having been wrong all the time. What does this mean? That he knew that MR. PARNELL was an adulterer, whilst MR. GLADSTONE did not? Or that he was aware that he was a lunatic who under certain circumstances might become uncontrollable? In the first case, why did he not communicate his knowledge to his friend CAPTAIN O'SHEA? In the second case, how was it that he wished MR. PARNELL to become Chief Secretary for Ireland? MR. CHAMBERLAIN will be wise not to make too much of his own sagacity in connection with present affairs.

It looks as if we should soon have another disturbance in the Money Market, and another rise in the Bank rate. Last week gold amounting to about £900,000 was withdrawn from the Bank for New York, and this week over £1,100,000 have been sent to Germany. In a fortnight, therefore, the Bank has parted with over two millions sterling. It is true that it received a large amount, so that the net loss is under £700,000, and it is also true that nearly a million is coming. But the Germain drain still continues; there is a probability that the American demand will revive, and there is a possibility that a large amount may be taken to Paris, while it is to be recollected that four and a half millions have in a few months to be repaid to the Bank of France and the Imperial Bank of Russia. In spite of all this, the joint-stock and private banks and the bill-brokers and discount houses go on competing with one another, and running down rates. And on Thursday the Directors of the Bank of England made no change in their rate of discount. Probably they thought it would be useless to do so while money is so abundant and cheap in the outside market. But unless they do something to restore rates very soon the likelihood is that the drain of gold will become so large that there will be another scare, and another sharp advance. In the meantime there has been a revival of the speculation in silver. It is thought probable that the American Congress will, in the present session, pass a Bill largely increasing the Treasury purposes of the metal, and, on the strength of that speculators have run up the price to 49½d. per ounce. There has been also an advance in silver securities.

THE Stock Markets have been dull and inactive throughout the week. The general public is doing nothing, and as the end of the year is approaching speculators are reducing their engagements. The rise in the American Market last week was based partly on the belief that the crisis was over, partly on the hope that Congress would increase the purchases of silver, and partly on the expectation that the railroad companies in the West would arrange their differences; but the failures reported day after day prove that the crisis is not over, the meeting of railroad presidents has done nothing, and it is becoming doubtful whether Congress can agree upon a Silver Bill. Therefore, there has been somewhat of a fall this week, and there is likely to be a further decline. In Germany the Money Market is stringent, and the Stock Markets are weak, and it is evident that the liquidation must continue for a considerable time to come. Even the Paris Bourse has lost some of its confidence. At the settlement this week the rates of continuation were stiff, and there is a fear that at the settlement at the end of the month money will be both scarce and dear. It is becoming evident, in fact, that the speculators have overloaded themselves, and that there must soon be a decline. Possibly the market may be supported until the funding loan is launched, but after that the best observers are of opinion that speculation cannot be continued, and that, therefore, prices must give way.

THE STRUGGLE IN KILKENNY.

NOT to be envied is the man who can look on at the bitter struggle in Kilkenny between the ex-Irish leader, on the one side, and his old adherents, on the other, without a strong sense of pity. The jeers and sneers of superficial Cockney scribes are, of course, entirely in accordance with the natures of such men. They represent, with absolute faithfulness, the mental condition of the ordinary fatuous person who may be encountered of a morning in an omnibus or on the Underground Railway, deep in the perusal of the *Sportsman* or the *Financial News*. They are poor creatures at the best, these smart scribes, with their smattering of classic lore, and their delight in that peculiar kind of composition which is known to their admirers as "the allusive style," and it must always be a comfort to the average Liberal that his party and his cause have never had attractions for them. It is not with the brag of the young gentlemen whose ears, despite their length, betray them into mistaking the cry of a nation in its agony for the "bleat"—sweet word!—of a sentimentalist on the stump, that we need trouble ourselves. Nor can we be greatly concerned by the air with which the superior person of public life, pointing to all that is happening in Kilkenny at this moment, remarks, "I told you so!" and forthwith propounds the theory that during the past three weeks Irishmen have established beyond all possibility of doubt their own unfitness for self-government. It is notorious that people only see what it is in them to see, and it would be as absurd to expect a journalist who takes the *Saturday Review* of old times as his model, or a Liberal Unionist whose faith is founded on the gospel according to the *Spectator*, to realise the true meaning of what is now passing in Ireland, as it would be to expect one of Mr. Stanley's pigmies to appreciate "In Memoriam."

But for all that, to those who have eyes to see, there is an infinite amount of tragedy in the drama which is at this moment being enacted under the heavy grey Irish sky. Time may be necessary to enable us to understand its full meaning, to realise all that is involved in it, all that it is, at this moment, costing the chief actors. Historians will have something to say of it; and we may be reasonably sure that what they will say will be very different from the utterances of the eager critics of the hour, who see nothing but "another Irish row," in a struggle on which the future of Ireland depends. Yet, even as it is, we may catch some glimpse of the truth and the gravity of this death-grapple between Mr. Parnell and his old friends, if we try to look at it in a sober spirit. So far as Mr. Parnell himself is concerned, we have already said our say. The great treason of which he has been guilty remains unredeemed by a single touch of heroism, of chivalry, or of self-sacrifice. During the past week, indeed, he has done his utmost to drag down to a still lower depth the question in dispute between himself and the Irish people. Others besides Mr. Labouchere are now asking whether the explanation of his recent conduct is not to be found in an access of insanity. Never in the history of the civilised world has a man of eminence so completely stripped himself of every rag of reputation as Mr. Parnell has done within less than a month. When we listen to his hoarse screech of rage whenever he is reminded of the existence of those who a few weeks ago were his most trustworthy lieutenants; when we listen to his rabid attack upon the past career of the candidate whom he himself had selected for the representation of Kilkenny; when we hear him uttering incoherent jibes against the English-

man whose leadership he but recently acknowledged; above all, when, under the friendly cover of Mr. Balfour's police, we note how he is beckoning out of the holes and caves, in which for years past they have been hiding in impotent obscurity, the creatures who represent the worst form of Irish sedition—the creatures on whom, to his credit be it said, he has hitherto consistently trampled—we feel that no explanation short of utter madness can account for this strange perversion of all that is right and true and reasonable. But whether mad or not, it is a tragical spectacle which Mr. Parnell is offering to the world at this moment. A few weeks ago the idol of the whole Irish race, and to-day hunted like a wild beast through the land, and reeling under the savage and cowardly blows of men who but yesterday would have been proud to kiss his feet! What more tragical picture has been presented to us in the long and woeful panorama of Irish history? And most tragical of all is the thought that Mr. Parnell has brought this hard fate upon himself, by his own deliberate action. "Alone I did it," are the words which he might use with truth when speaking of his fall.

And hardly less typical is the spectacle presented by the other side. To-day it is the fashion for every Unionist newspaper and speaker to pour abuse and contempt upon Mr. Healy, Mr. Davitt, and the other men who, standing face to face with their former leader, are trying to snatch from his grasp the bleeding body of their country, which he seems bent upon tearing to pieces before their eyes. Yet the historian will do justice to the men who, in this crisis in their national history, have dared to put on one side all the strong and manifold prejudices of a lifetime; who have turned a deaf ear to the poisonous suggestions poured forth by their old chief in order to breed disunion between them and their English allies, and who, with a courage hardly inferior to that of the men who put an English king on trial for his life, have turned upon that chief and challenged him to mortal combat. Many a sneer has been hurled within the past few days at "the union of hearts." They fall harmlessly beside the confession of Michael Davitt that even if Mr. Gladstone had confined him for a lifetime in a convict prison, he would forgive and love him still in consideration of all that he has done for Ireland. Many a reproach has been cast upon Mr. Healy for a manner of speech which is not that of conventional society. Yet Mr. Healy has struck straight at the middle of the target, with a force and an accuracy in which no man living could have shown himself his superior. There are times when great plainness of speech is the best tribute that can be paid, not only to truth but even to public decency, and the people of Ireland are now living in such times. To allow the real origin of their present troubles to be plastered over and hidden from sight under Mr. Parnell's ingenious but disingenuous special pleading, would be to leave untouched the ulcer which is sapping the nation's strength. Surely Englishmen can at least do justice to the severity of the sacrifice which thousands of people have made in Ireland during the past fortnight, in casting Mr. Parnell from the place he has so long held in their hearts, and in sacrificing many a precious recollection, and many a strong personal sentiment, to what they feel to be their duty to their country. It is upon this graver and more dignified aspect of the fight which is being waged with so much bitterness in Kilkenny that we should like to see the eyes of the English public fixed. Its grotesqueness, its sorry humours, lie upon the surface. The shallowest and most short-sighted of observers can see these things. But below the surface are realities affecting the

very life of the nation. They are the realities with which other nationalities have had in their time to grapple—sometimes amid the stress of social revolution, at other times under the stern discipline of an alien tyranny. Time has given dignity to the great revolutionary struggles of the past. We can see the epic that runs through the story of the French Revolution—squalid and mean and miserable as were many of its surrounding incidents; we can recognise the heroism and patriotism of the “embattled farmers,” though our fathers sneered at them as soldiers in homespun. The time will come when the smaller incidents of the past fortnight in Ireland will be forgotten; when the hateful outbreaks of violence, both in speech and acts, will cease to absorb attention, and when men will understand that, in this memorable crisis, Ireland was struggling towards the attainment of that full national life which alone can secure for it the position among free nations which its children have so long coveted.

LESSONS FROM BASSETLAW.

THE Bassetlaw election, over the result of which the Ministerialists have exulted with a joy that strongly suggests the unbroken succession of defeats which had preceded it, has ended in a manner that ought not to cause discouragement to any Liberal. A place which was lost in 1885 by a considerable majority, although the Liberal party was undivided and the Liberal candidate a man of great local influence, has been lost again by a yet larger majority when our party has been divided by the great Unionist secession, and one of the strongest opponents of the Liberal candidate has been the ex-Liberal who held the seat from 1880 to 1885. The result may be a disappointment to those very sanguine persons who imagined that, in spite of all the probabilities of the case, we would win Bassetlaw; but it cannot be a disappointment to anybody who was acquainted with the constituency, and who knew that it was Tory to the core. If Mr. Mellor had been elected there would not have been a constituency throughout the midland counties in which a Tory would have been safe. Two months ago, before the revelations of the Divorce Court, and the still more startling revelations of Committee Room No. 15, we should never have expected a Liberal candidate to win the seat which has not once in its history tolerated anything more advanced than the mildest Whiggism, and which in the last two elections had shown that it was wholly given over to Toryism and Unionism.

But were we wrong then to enter into a contest in such a constituency, at a moment when the Liberal party was reeling under the heaviest blow ever dealt at it by a traitor? We believe that, so far from being wrong, the Liberal leaders were wholly in the right in insisting upon Bassetlaw being fought. It was a forlorn hope, it is true, from the first. Nobody expected that the seat could be won, and two weeks ago, when the contest practically began, it seemed certain that the result must be not merely a defeat, but a great disaster, in the light of which we might read the sad story of Liberal disintegration and demoralisation. Even in that case, however, it was felt by the Liberal leaders that it would be better to face and know the worst. If Mr. Parnell's turpitude and treachery had destroyed English Liberalism as it had destroyed the old Nationalism of Ireland, the sooner the fact was made evident the better. “Let us have no illusions on our side, at all events,” were the words in which the determination of the Liberal party to contest the seat which had so suddenly

become vacant was proclaimed, and the wisdom of the words was equal to their courage. For what is the lesson taught by Bassetlaw? It is that the Liberal party, so far from being “broken-up,” “crushed,” “demoralised,” as its enemies affected to believe, by the lamentable misconduct of Mr. Parnell, has shown itself to be as united and enthusiastic as it ever was—united and enthusiastic in its support of the great Englishman who alone in these days of trouble and strife has known how to maintain the dignity of our public life and the reputation of our statesmen; and united also in opposition to the system, partly imbecile and wholly hateful, by means of which the present Government has been seeking to crush the life out of the Irish people in the interests of a small and intolerant minority of landlords and Orangemen. If we had abstained from fighting at all at Bassetlaw, who could have predicted that when the General Election came we should not have been driven as chaff before the wind, whenever the united forces of Balfourism and Parnellism entered the field against us? As it is, we now know that the Liberal party stands where it did before the great treason: that not even the torpedo of Mr. Parnell's malignant invention has moved a plate or loosened a bolt in the fabric of the good ship, and that we can await the shock of battle, whenever it may come, with composure and confidence. All this is very different from the expectations of our opponents a couple of weeks ago; and it is not a little that we should have secured this result, even at the cost of the fight which has been waged so gallantly in the Bassetlaw Division of Nottinghamshire.

We do not pause to analyse the figures of our defeat, beyond making passing reference to the fact that four hundred out-voters came to the ballot last Monday—a fact the significance of which we need hardly point out. More important than this proof of the need for the adoption of the “one man, one vote” policy, is the evidence furnished by the election of the soundness of the constitution of the Liberal party. Nothing could have exceeded the confusion which prevailed in the political counsels of England when the contest began. The earth was still trembling beneath our feet, and none could tell where we would stand when the convulsion ceased. The alliance not only with Mr. Parnell, but with the Irish party as a whole, might have been snapped for ever under the stress of that rude upheaval; we might have lost our leaders, or our leaders might have lost their heads. A “stampede,” such as has been seen on many a battlefield in politics as well as in war, might have sent half our army flying into the arms of the enemy. All these contingencies had to be reckoned with at the time when the Liberal representatives entered upon the struggle at Bassetlaw. The result has taught us that Liberalism would still stand in all its old force even if it were to be severed from the Home Rule movement; for the rally in the recent contest has been distinctly upon what we may call the old Liberal lines. But it has taught us something more than this. It has proved, both to Great Britain and to Ireland, that the Liberal faith on the great question of Irish Government is quite independent of persons, and is not touched in its vital essence, however greatly it may be affected on the surface, even by such treachery as that of which the man, who was so recently the Irish leader, has been guilty. We are thankful that even in a home of old Toryism such as Bassetlaw is, and at a moment when nothing certain could be predicted of the alliance between English Liberals and Irish Nationalists, it has been shown that the great mass of the Liberal party has not lost faith in the cause of Irish freedom, has not been led to

countenance Mr. Balfour's misgovernment by the misdeeds of Mr. Parnell. Nothing can be more clearly indicated by the figures of the return of last Monday, than that those who rallied to Mr. Gladstone's side when he unfurled the flag of justice to Ireland in 1886, have not deserted him now, when a cruel blow has been struck by a treacherous hand at the Irish cause. Moreover, those Irishmen who in this crisis in their affairs have remained true to the English alliance, can point even to Bassetlaw in vindication of the wisdom of the course they have adopted. Even there, in a great Tory stronghold, the main body of the Liberal party has voted straight in favour of Home Rule. For all these reasons we are thankful that the party managers, knowing full well that defeat was certain, and not knowing whether that defeat might not show that the whole party organisation had crumbled into dust, still ventured in Bassetlaw to put their fortunes and the fortunes of English Liberalism to the test.

MORE FROUDIANA.

MR. FROUDE is, in politics, nothing if not offensive; and on Tuesday last he surpassed himself at the Liberal Union Club. We do not grudge Sir Henry James and his friends their "triumphant vindication." The Bassetlaw election and Mr. Parnell's wild doings all in one week have been too much for them, and we do not wonder that they who have rarely any cause to rejoice are in very high spirits. But what can be said in extenuation of Mr. Froude's speech, the nearest thing seen on this side of the Channel to the barbarous proceedings in Kilkenny? It is a restatement, in a crude and more insulting form, of the Hottentot theory, that "Liberty's a kind of thing that don't agree with niggers"—or Irishmen; and that the English are born to rule, and the Irish to obey. Give them liberty, and they will cut your throats. Coerce them—give them plenty of imprisonment and buckshot—and they will respect you and be happy. We have long ceased to wonder at Mr. Froude's eulogies of despotism. He has familiarised us with that worship of "strong measures" which, with sentimental people, so often passes for wisdom. But that such a speech, stirring up race hatred, should have been applauded in an assembly of Englishmen will serve to show another generation the depths to which political discussion had in these times sunk. If we really thought that Mr. Froude spoke the deliberate sentiments of many Englishmen, we should despair of the relations of the two countries being ever put on a sound basis. If we had come to such a pass treason would be almost the duty of every spirited Irishman. Mr. Froude does not stick at trifles when he has a point to make. In his view, what the Irish have suffered from is the want of Coercion—the sovereign remedy for all their ailments—and excessive tenderness and regard for Irish ideas. They have had Home Rule, and too much of it; and according to this topsy-turvy theory, we are asked to believe that in the weary round of outbreaks and repression, violence and counter-violence, confiscation and extermination, we must recognise a policy of Home Rule. Even for the Penal Laws—that "machine," according to the famous description of Burke, "of wise and elaborate construction, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man"—Mr. Froude has something to say in excuse. Crom-

well with his purging policy was the true friend of Ireland. And so we are asked to believe that the exasperation of the Irish people at English rule has always been unreasonable; the constant aspiration for the recognition of a national life, "political nonsense;" the Grattans, the Floods, the Young Irish party, mere babblers; the Irish Parliament at all periods of its history a curse; and the Union so excellent a measure that we ought not to scrutinise the means by which it was brought about. "It was not a time to look too narrowly to these things; it was quite impossible that a Protestant Parliament should continue to govern Ireland; and it was equally impossible to admit Catholics into it." Such is the advice which Mr. Froude, fresh from the study of Irish history, presents to his countrymen at a critical turn of affairs when a wise man would weigh his words and refrain from saying anything which might wound. Ten years ago, such a speech, we are inclined to believe, would have been an impossibility in public life. No educated Englishman would have dared to address in this tone of old-world acrimony an assembly of his countrymen, met to consider the condition of an unfortunate country. Even now few Englishmen would think of openly deriding the demands of Armenians or Jews for fuller liberty. Only Ireland is reserved for the facile jests and gibes of those who seem afraid lest race hatred should die out. Who are the counterparts in England of the O'Donovan Rossas and the Egans in America but Mr. Froude and his applauders?

Even Mr. Froude is a witness against his own conclusions. "It is a horrible story, this alternate beating, cuffing, and coercing we have given that unfortunate people." "It is the most pitiable and frightful history you can read anywhere," he observes; and he describes the low lot of "the peasantry of the country who had cultivated the land while they had been treated more cruelly than any peasantry in the world." Has it ever occurred to Mr. Froude to inquire how this miserable state of things has come about? He perhaps sees in it merely the outcome of the Irishman's inferiority to the juicy Saxon. It is impartial readers, we are persuaded, who will see in these facts the evidence of a mischievous and mistaken policy. It would be a waste of time to repeat Mr. Froude's theory of Irish history; it is not more inaccurate than many of his other theories. The idea that for 350 years after the going of the Normans to Ireland "there was as perfect Home Rule as any country could wish to have," is a historical paradox worthy of Lord Beaconsfield at his worst. The Normans failed to extend their influence outside the pale. They were powerless to conquer and organise the whole of Ireland. They succeeded only in preventing the growth of an indigenous civilisation. But, to the best of their ability, they introduced English laws, institutions, and ideas. To talk of Ireland possessing Home Rule while an English king was *dominus Hiberniæ* is mere wantonness. We shall next hear Cromwell designated as an Irish patriot. Contrast with Mr. Froude's dictum the words of Sir John Davis, Elizabeth's wise Attorney-General, in his "Discovery of the True Causes why Ireland was never Subdued": "It is manifest that such as had the government of Ireland under the Crown of England did intend to make perpetual enmity between the English and the Irish, pretending, no doubt, that the English should in the end root out the Irish." Our business, however, is not with Mr. Froude's facts, but with his conclusions. He tells a story of coercion and failure, repression followed by rebellion, violence with its harvest of revenge, and the sole suggestion that he can offer for the

guidance of statesmen in the future is to repeat with new energy the policy, the miserable fruits of which are before us. Can we hope to be more thorough than Cromwell, or to have sturdier friends of land-owners than the "garrison" which has held Ireland in the past? Mr. Froude is nothing if not illogical; and it is characteristic that the only measure for the relief of Ireland which he warmly praises is the Land Act of 1881. "That measure," he is constrained to admit, was "an absolutely necessary Act and an extremely good one; it was the best Act that was ever passed for Ireland." And yet it was a tardy concession to Irish ideas, an admission that English law was unsuitable to the conditions of Ireland.

Fortunately, Mr. Froude's bark is much worse than his bite. His remarks are not likely to be read by the Irish peasantry; and he has long ceased to be with his countrymen an authority in regard to any matter that requires accurate thought and an enlightened moral judgment. If it were otherwise—if it were known that Englishmen believed that Irishmen ought to be treated as Caffres or Afghans, that they sincerely denied moral equality, and that it was by courtesy more than conviction we accorded them rights which we freely grant to Germans or Poles, it would be vain to labour for Home Rule. That deep sense of wrong which has been partly assuaged, would still be as great as it ever was; and it would be almost the duty of every Irishman to labour with all his might to terminate for ever, in any form, all connection with a country which insulted and derided his race. We do not expect this catastrophe—we do not despair of Home Rule—because many Englishmen will resent almost as keenly as Irishmen this pestilent theory, and dismiss it as alike shallow and offensive.

SIR CHARLES DILKE ON "DEFENCE EXPENDITURE."

THE Royal Statistical Society is not a body accustomed to consider Naval and Military Expenditure; but few more important papers have been brought before it than that read by Sir Charles Dilke on Tuesday. Difficult to handle as statistics must necessarily be, there are probably none which defy analysis so successfully as those relating to the fighting services. The involved methods of keeping accounts, which in this country have grown up haphazard, frequently preclude the possibility of a real separation of the items, and when it is attempted to deal with the Empire as a whole, the question is further complicated. Each great Power has its own methods, and to arrive at a just comparison between their expenditure is scarcely practicable. Thus, in the apparently simple case of pay, which is stated to be "almost the only item in which comparison between France and Germany is possible," Sir Charles Dilke shows that the 8 millions of the former Power and the 7 millions of the latter are not strictly comparable; while our own expenditure of about 13½ millions does not include any Colonial charges whatever. Gross expenditure and gross results may perhaps be more fitly compared, though here also there are many disturbing factors in the form of "extraordinary" expenditure. Accepting the figures which Sir Charles Dilke has compiled with evident care, it appears that the total military charges for this year of France, Germany, and the British Empire are respectively about 28, 33½, and 35½ millions sterling; but Germany is "at present manufacturing new rifles and new powder," and her normal expenditure differs little from that of France.

In return for their expenditure, France and

Germany "would have in the field on the 21st day of Mobilisation over two millions of men with between 3,000 and 4,000 guns, and with a large garrison and territorial force in reserve." For the armed strength of the British Empire, Sir Charles Dilke finds "a nominal war force of 850,000, of various degrees of merit and training, wholly unorganised, and supplied only with the professional artillery needful for a force of about 150,000 men." The total of disposable armed and uniformed men is somewhat greater than Sir Charles Dilke estimates, though he has included the St. Helena Militia, and allows "40,000 excellent troops" to Australasia. The St. Helena Militia can scarcely be said to exist as yet, and though Australasia has some of the finest military material in the world, there is not half this number of "troops" in any sense, while the forces of certain colonies are in anything but a satisfactory condition. Of regular troops with the colours, the 35½ millions of expenditure provide 211,000 Imperial forces at home and in India, 124,000 native troops of whom Sir Charles Dilke classes 56,000 as "bad," and the small permanent forces of Canada and Australasia amounting to about 1,500. Of reserves, passed through the ranks but receiving no proper subsequent training, there are at most 55,000. Thus, the total standing army and army reserves of the Empire amount to 391,000 men; or, adding armed police forces which are virtually military bodies, about 400,000 in all. The grand total of "land forces," estimated by Sir Charles Dilke at 850,000 but really larger, is made up of militia and volunteers, who can scarcely be said to possess even a regimental organisation.

The disproportion between expenditure and results appears sufficiently startling, and Sir Charles Dilke does not attempt to explain it. Conscription alone can hardly be held accountable for the facts, and the old argument, that the loss to the State of the labour of the many soldiers of the European Powers ought to be regarded as so much additional military expenditure, is capable of easy exaggeration. The mass of the armies of the great Powers of Europe is, in peace time, engaged in civil avocations, and the men probably benefit physically and morally from their short experience in the ranks, and the brief periods of subsequent training. Moreover, the disproportion between the standing armies of (say) Germany and Great Britain is far less pronounced than that between the numbers of their trained and organised men. It is in the latter that the European Powers are so far ahead of us. The French magazine rifle is far from being the admirable weapon which Sir Charles Dilke appears to suppose; but, if it is true that the Lebel rifle can be produced at a cost of £1 12s., as compared with £5 10s. for our own arm, the fact is remarkable. In the case of most manufactures of this nature, the cost of production is certainly not greater in this country than across the Channel. The organisation of the armies of all the great Powers rests on a scientific basis—that of real national requirement. The organisation of the British Army is cumbrous and superannuated, the result of innumerable tinkering, a touching tenderness to vested interests, and a partial and unintelligent application of inappropriate German principles. When an attempt has been made to lay down the military requirements of the British Empire, as the first step towards any rational system of organisation, it may possibly be found that we are paying for superfluities of all kinds, and that real needs can be more effectively met at less cost. Organisation and training do not necessarily imply expenditure. Probably no finer or better equipped—certainly, for its numbers, no more costly—body of men and horses was ever brought together than that recently

assembled on the Berkshire downs; yet an utter want of training in the duties of modern cavalry was painfully apparent to all who studied the manœuvres. The nation may well ask why this should be, and insist upon an answer.

It is, perhaps, to be regretted that Sir Charles Dilke has bestowed relatively little study on naval expenditure, for what her army is to Germany, that, undoubtedly, is the British Navy to our Empire. He admits that "on the whole . . . we do not pay extravagantly for our navy in proportion to results"; but he bases this view on figures quoted from the *Times*, on which he previously throws doubt. Of the cheapness of the British Navy in proportion to results, however, there is doubt, and the fact was first brought to light in 1878 by the elaborate investigations of a committee of the French Chamber of which Gambetta was a member.

In drawing the "moral" from the statistics presented, Sir Charles Dilke refers to the well-known defects of organisation to which the French disasters in 1870-1 are directly attributable. The requirements of an European Power are not, however, those of the British Empire, and while the great lesson of the Franco-German campaign—the need of readiness for war—cannot be too frequently enforced, neither France nor Germany can teach us what our organisation should be. The main question which Sir Charles Dilke's valuable paper suggests, is whether, pending the advent of a War Minister possessing administrative genius, a large transference from Army to Navy votes would not materially add to the defensive strength of the Empire.

THE DEUS EX MACHINA.

WHILE French Society has been gently stirred by the successful candidature of M. de Freycinet for a place among the forty Immortals, and an enterprising English journalist, himself immortal, has been supporting the Minister's election, because "he does good things, works much, has capital ideas, and is a charming colleague," another event of more dramatic interest, exploited by another journalist, before whose enterprise the laurels of M. de Blowitz pale, has been engrossing the attention of all classes in Paris. The sensational death of General Seliverstov has been followed by the more sensational story of his murderer's escape, and what was at first discredited as a newspaper rumour is now admitted by the police authorities to be an accomplished fact. The outlines of the story are very simple. On the 18th November, a young man named Padlewski, in the dress of a commissionaire, presented himself at the Hôtel de Bade, on the Boulevard des Italiens, and asked for General Seliverstov, a distinguished Russian officer staying in the hotel. General Seliverstov had once been the head of the political police of St. Petersburg, and had since retired from the Russian service in disfavour, and had taken up his residence in Paris. Padlewski announced himself as the bearer of a note from a certain M. de Bernhoff, who was known to the General as the organiser of Franco-Russian concerts in Paris. After some hesitation, he was admitted to the General's room, where, he alleges, a conversation took place with regard to M. de Bernhoff, his concerts, and the character of the company which frequented them, and the interview ended in Padlewski's drawing a revolver and shooting the General as he sat in his chair. The assassin then left the hotel undetected, and in spite of the outcry and of the exertions of the police, remained for over a fortnight concealed

in or about Paris. So far as can be ascertained, he was protected during this time by certain ladies and gentlemen of advanced revolutionary opinions, whose passion for liberty or sensation made them actively sympathetic with crime. His dress was changed. His appearance was disguised. But it was found difficult to convey him out of Paris. At that juncture an enterprising journalist, M. Labruyère, already notorious as the editor of the extinct organ of the Boulangist party, came forward as a deliverer. An ingenious report was circulated to the effect that M. Labruyère was going to fight a duel in the Tyrol; and, on the night of the 3rd December, M. Labruyère left Paris, accompanied by his two seconds, and also by a young doctor named Wolff, who was really the assassin Padlewski. Next day, after an eventful and exciting journey, during which the duelling party were more than once subjected to the close scrutiny of detective policemen, they crossed the Italian frontier, and within a short time the fugitive Padlewski was shipped off to the New World from the port of Trieste.

All through it is an astonishing story. The motive for the crime appears to have been political. According to the statement of Padlewski, General Seliverstov was endeavouring to recover the favour of the Czar by voluntarily acting as a detective agent for the Russian Government, and by exposing Nihilist plots. He had already, it is asserted, betrayed to the Russian Government one party of Nihilist conspirators, whose confidence he had gained. Even during Padlewski's interview with him, he proposed, it is said, to his assassin, to become a spy in the household of M. de Bernhoff and to report to him all that passed there. It was in consideration of facts like these that Padlewski determined to avenge the Nihilists, and, "in the plenitude of his own conscience," condemned the General to death. If we believe Padlewski's statement—and on the face of it there seems no reason for rejecting it—it is another instance of a political fanatic taking upon himself the function of the *Deus ex Machina*, and where laws fail to remedy his grievance, interposing his judgment for the law's. But the strange feature of the story is that not only the assassin, but his rescuer also, made this principle his guide. M. Labruyère foresaw that unpleasant complications as to the treatment of political refugees might arise out of Padlewski's crime. "In the plenitude of his conscience," he decided that Padlewski's action did not require to be punished, and though unconnected in any way with the criminal, he undertook, of his own initiative, at the same time to save the assassin, and to relieve the French Government from the fear of international difficulties. He, too, appeared as the *Deus ex Machina*, pardoned Padlewski, and conveyed him from France. But besides his philanthropic objects M. Labruyère had another aim. He desired to make a journalistic sensation, and as Providence offered no events at the moment sufficiently exciting for him to report, M. Labruyère determined, on the principle of the *Deus ex Machina*, himself to create the events instead. It is unquestionable that this system of action adds to the romance and excitement of life. But the practice is fruitful in dangerous examples, and generally recoils upon its authors' heads. We are familiar with cases outside of France, where people, finding facts out of harmony with their wishes, endeavour to make facts to suit their view; and we only hope that those, wherever they be, who endeavour by outrage to act the part of an avenging Providence, may meet with the punishment which they deserve. "The wise man," said the old philosopher, "is a law unto himself"; but only fools imagine that they can right the world by elevating their emotions into law for others.

QUIS CUSTODIET?

THE verdict of a jury on the character and career of Mr. Harry Marks is doubtless receiving the careful attention of some of our political moralists. Mr. Marks is a member of the London County Council, a Tory candidate for one of the Metropolitan constituencies, and the chairman of one or more Conservative Associations. We have not yet heard that his position is a matter of grave anxiety to the Cabinet, or that Lord Salisbury is deeply shocked to learn that one of his wealthiest supporters is regarded by a jury as a scamp, or that the Conservative Associations have appointed another chairman, or that Sir Henry James is much distressed by this inaction. At the dinner of the Liberal Union Club Sir Henry was vastly indignant because Mr. Gladstone waited for an expression of public opinion before intimating that Mr. Parnell ought to retire from the leadership of the Irish party. Public opinion of Mr. Harry Marks has been emphatically expressed by a jury. He was libelled by Mr. Butterfield. The libel charged him, in effect, with being an unscrupulous adventurer. The jury have declared that the libel is true in substance and in fact, and that it was published for the public benefit. Has Mr. Harry Marks withdrawn his candidature for Bethnal Green? Has he been asked to withdraw it? Is there the smallest reason to suppose that the Tory managers have hinted to Mr. Marks that his room is better than his company?

And what has the virtuous orator of the Liberal Union Club to say to this apathy? It is true that the Recorder declared the verdict to be "utterly wrong." It is equally true that, with a curious lack of humour, Sir Charles Russell extolled Mr. Marks's early career as that of a "brave British youth," who carved his way in America though he was alone and friendless. The jury took the prosaic view that the bravery consisted in the swindling of a woman after a disgraceful intrigue, and in shutting her up as insane because she demanded her rights. Is Sir Henry James prepared to take refuge in the opinion of Sir Thomas Chambers, or to admire the "brave British youth" who has helped to "save the Empire"? As Lord Salisbury advised his friends to "bet on Parnell," is he also ready to tell them to put their money on Marks?

At any rate there does not seem to be the least disposition amongst the Tory wire-pullers to treat Mr. Marks as a black sheep, though according to a jury he has broken one of the Commandments which the Rev. Donald Fraser and others are so anxious to make exclusive tests of political character. There have been murders in Ireland, and some of the tenantry have withheld their rents; therefore, argues Dr. Fraser, all Home Rulers are guilty of condoning murder and theft. The logic is scarcely irreproachable; but what is to be said of moralists who take this line, and yet refuse to demand the instant expulsion of Mr. Harry Marks from the immaculate circles in which the Empire is carefully preserved by the balms and spices of Unionist rhetoric?

Another aspect of this case gravely affects the interests of journalism. The jury believed the statement that Mr. Harry Marks employed the *Financial News* to impose a fraud upon the public. That fraud was of the grossest kind. A bogus gold mine in South Africa was offered to the world as a genuine investment, and puffed in Mr. Marks's paper. Now the business of a financial journal, if it has any business at all, is to protect investors from fraudulent conspiracies. Suppose the editor of the *Standard* took to gambling on the turf, and engaged a sporting "prophet" to play into his hands by misleading the public, what

trust could any sane person put in that organ? Suppose a Minister of the Crown bribed the financial editor of the *Times* to use special information for the purpose of "rigging" the stock market, who would believe either in the *Times* or the Ministry? So the proprietor of a financial newspaper who uses it for the purpose of private and dishonest speculation at the expense of the community is guilty of a double offence. He betrays the confidence of people who are credulous enough to presume that he is the watch-dog of the public interests, and he violates the principle on which all honest journalism is conducted.

A man who abuses such a position may work endless mischief. If he succeeds in escaping the net of the law, there is practically no limit to his excesses. His character may be well known to men of business. They may shrug their shoulders when his name is mentioned. They may laugh in their sleeves when they see him on the platform, the champion of purity both in national and domestic life. They may even eat his dinners, and stifle uneasy consciences with the maxim that this is the way of the world. His acts may be assailed by other financial journalists, but it is easy to make the public attribute this to jealousy, and plume themselves on their discernment while they are being swindled. The adroit editor may even withstand actions at law, and win three-and-twenty verdicts because, when he is a defendant, he is skilful enough to evade the real issue which touches the whole principle of his career.

But there may come an evil moment when he is tempted to play the part of the injured plaintiff, and, by bringing an action for libel, to invite a jury to examine the darkest places of his life. Then, although his counsel, with unconscious irony, may admit that there are some episodes on which he does not look back with complete satisfaction, he is in danger of finding that his twenty-three Marengos have led him to Waterloo.

When Mr. Marks was a "brave British youth" he learnt his trade in America—a very bad school. In that country, as he truly remarked in the witness-box, the law of libel is practically inoperative. There is no discouragement for swindlers, except an occasional cowhiding, or such a Nemesis as overtook "Jim" Fiske. Mr. Jay Gould still lives and prospers, and if he should condescend to read English trials he may feel some genuine compassion for a financial journalist at the mercy of twelve jurymen who cannot be corrupted. In New York Mr. Harry Marks might have risen to the dignity of alderman, and shared the glory of the late Mr. Tweed. At all events he would never have dreamt of bringing a libel action against Mr. Butterfield, had that gentleman made himself obnoxious to the promoters of sham mines. Anyone can operate in Wall Street and in the New York Press without the smallest fear of judge and jury.

But in London we may still boast that there is a limit to this game. The successful adventurer is betrayed into over-confidence, and then he finds that all his fellow-citizens cannot be beguiled by forensic advocacy, however brilliant. He may distinguish himself by repartee in the witness-box, and he may be lulled into security by the summing up of a judge who forgets that small legal technicalities ought not to blind the jury to the broad facts of the case. We have no doubt that the verdict in the case of "Marks v. Butterfield" will deal a severe blow to the system of financial journalism; but perhaps it is too much to hope that it will enlist on the side of justice the fastidious morality of Tory clubs.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN DIFFICULTY.

THE capture and death of Sitting Bull—perhaps the greatest, and by common consent the most dangerous Indian chief this century has seen—has inspired President Harrison with the hope that the West may escape a general Indian War. This result, however, seems hardly certain. Like great leaders in all ages, from Mr. Parnell backwards, Sitting Bull has probably had the credit of much that was the work of his subordinates. The Sioux nation, after all, consists of about twenty groups in very various stages of progress; and his actual following was small. Doubtless, as in 1876, it was dangerously attractive to the less civilised groups, like the Brulé and Ogallala Sioux, near Rosebud and Pine Ridge Agencies, who readily fall away from a civilised life, which is certainly not always promoted by the conduct of the officials in charge. But the unrest is far more widespread than can be explained by his influence. It extends from Arizona to North Dakota. The Utes, who have only once before (in 1877) given serious trouble, were reported to be on the warpath nearly two months ago. The Apaches of New Mexico require to be held in check by fresh United States troops; the Kiowas, Comanche, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes in the Indian territory have manifested the same symptoms as the Sioux. Even the Crees of Regina, in the Canadian North-West, have given some indications of the same tendency. Right across the plains we find the same excitement, the same expectation of a Deliverer and a resurrection of the dead, of the restitution of the Indian power, and the expulsion or annihilation of the white invader.

It is not very easy to say how much of this we are to put down to the action of the "agitator"—that is, to the tribal medicine men and a few reactionary chiefs like Sitting Bull—how much to religious enthusiasm, resting, it is alleged by some observers, on a pathetic distortion of missionary teaching, and taking strange forms among the Indians, as among races higher in the scale of civilisation, and how much to more mundane grievances and memory of wrongs which have made the last hundred years, in so far as Indian matters are concerned, "a century of dishonour" to the Federal Government. That these grievances are pressing seems to be generally admitted by Federal officials on the spot, and more than any one else the Indians have felt the "Spoils System." They have been cheated by contractors, cheated by agents, and, even when not cheated, have suffered from the inexperience of people drawn from a class which is hardly likely to take trouble about civilising a backward race. They have been put on reservations and told to farm, and then just as they were beginning to get settled have been moved off to worse land, or have had their reservations cut down. The arrangement made with the Sioux in 1877 apparently provided that the rations furnished to them by the government should decrease in quantity every year, as they became more able to support themselves. The Sioux were to be starved into civilisation, and their sufferings seem this year to have been aggravated by a partial failure of the crops. At Pine Ridge Agency, moreover (it is stated by a Federal official in the *New York Tribune*), it has been the custom to give out rations at the gross weight at which they were received—a steer, for instance, might lose twenty per cent. during the winter, but still it would be made to furnish the same number of portions—and, according to the Indian account, the census returns have understated their numbers and so secured them even shorter rations in future. However this may

be, short rations were at the bottom of the Sioux wars in 1862 and 1875, and it is not improbable that they are a leading cause now. At any rate, a Bill has been introduced into Congress to increase the supplies sold to the Sioux to the amount at which they stood in 1877—that is by between twenty-five and thirty per cent.—and the Secretary of the Interior proposes to advance the money at once. The Cheyennes are to have more ponies, and further allotments are promised in Nebraska. But something is due no doubt to the rapid rise of Dakota, and—as regards the Indian territory—to the Oklahoma boom of the present year; while the recent attempt to get New Mexico admitted as a State may possibly have made the Indians there fear a similar inroad.

An Indian war is a war of nameless and unspeakable horrors which are not all on one side. The Indian police, increased to 1,200, are an admirable force, but hardly likely to be held in check. Nor are the local militia. Normally, as it seems, the Indian is a civilisable being—not fading away before the white man, at least, not as the Maori or the Tasmanian have faded, saved by civilisation from pestilence and tribal war, capable at his best of writing and reading newspapers in his native tongue, and already so far civilised that about five-sevenths of the race are settled on reservations, and either farming or learning to farm. They can hardly compete with the white settler, but at least when they come to own lands in severalty the courts respect their property. And it is the object of the much-abused Indian department to break up the tribal organisations, to treat the Indians as separate individual American citizens, to educate them, settle them on farms, and turn them into small proprietors. It is, perhaps, not absolutely impossible, looking at what has happened here and there in Canada, that that miscegenation which is impossible for the negro may eventually be the fate of the Indian. But a war at the present moment can only be a war of extermination. The Indian of the plains relapses easily into his old habits, from which he is not so very remote. Wandering bands on the warpath may form a dangerous attraction to him, and it is earnestly to be hoped that General Miles may keep them in check. Some aid may be given by the severity of the weather, something from the influenza, which is now seizing on the ghost-dancers. But the best preventive will probably be to feed the Indians and to look after the subordinates of the Indian departments. If Sitting Bull's action secures this he will not have lived and died in vain.

THE POST OFFICE AS PUBLIC SWEATER.

WE are hearing much about the Sweating Committee, an Eight Hours Act, and the grinding of the poor by the system of competition; but there is before our eyes a conspicuous example of hard measure to employed, along with enormous profits to the employer, in a public department. It cannot be denied that the Post Office makes a profit on its business more gigantic than that of any trading body of which the accounts are known; whilst it is amongst those which get most work for low pay, and is a "hard master" all round. We have of late had long and irritating disputes, and there still exist all the elements of profound agitation amongst those it employs. We need not now offer any opinion about the specific questions in dispute. The matter is far from being yet done with. What, however, is obvious is this—that the Post Office is making profits vastly greater than any known trading company. It enjoys a rigid State monopoly;

and therefore, on the profit side of the ledger, it is entirely free from competition in any form. On the debit side of the ledger, in its payments to those it employs, it is a conspicuous example of competition pushed to its extreme limits. Its answer to all complaints of hard treatment and scanty pay is always the same:—"We bargain for such service in open market, and we pay the lowest possible price." But is it wise, in these days of Socialist agitations, for a public department to flaunt the most extreme doctrines of competition? And is it true policy for a very strict monopoly to take such pride in its enormous, disproportionate, and peculiar rate of profits?

Now, according to returns for 1889, the gross receipts of the Post Office were £10,340,279; whilst the expenditure of the Department was £5,667,849. We may put the telegraph service aside, and omit all questions of detail. The plant, capital, or preliminary outlay of the Post Office is a trifle compared with that of a railway company. But here we have a public department which—spending in the year £5,667,849, and that with a really trifling capital—pockets as profit no less than £4,672,430. This return of something like cent. per cent. cannot be compared with the working expenses of a railway or the like. The exact figures are unimportant. For all practical purposes, the entire expenditure of the Post Office represents working expenses; and the profits on this public monopoly are as forty-six to fifty-six. It may be doubted if this is quite sound policy.

There are very determined critics of all legal monopolies; but we need not debate that abstract question. Assume that it is right to found a rigid State monopoly. Assume that this monopoly is a legitimate means for improving the revenue without taxation. Assume that the service is, on the whole, well done, and that the public and men of business are satisfied with the price they pay for the work, and also with the way in which the work is performed. There still remains another consideration; and it is this which we will deal with here. Is it wise and right to make a public department a most flagrant example of enormous profits on the one hand, and of the most inexorable forms of competition on the other hand?

Most Englishmen are proud of the Post Office—and the Post Office is certainly very proud of itself. In political discussion, it is common enough to point to the administrative success of the Post Office. Nor need we in the least doubt its success, or do anything to discredit it as a remarkable example of State conduct of business. Perhaps we hear rather too much of the financial triumphs of the Department; and the £4,672,430 of profit—of national income without taxation—is flaunted in our eyes too much by successive Chancellors of the Exchequer. But this four millions and a half to the good in the Budget has a moral and a social side. How is it made? Who produces it? Is it quite as glorious from the social point of view as it seems to be from the economical? Or has it, like the eight millions of the Opium Revenue in the Indian Budget, a seamy side in its moral and social aspects? Perhaps it has.

Here is the glaring anomaly that a great industrial undertaking rolls in profits at the rate of £46 yearly for every £56 spent; for £5 per cent. upon its whole capital account would be a mere fraction of the annual gross earnings of £10,340,279. Neither in this country nor in foreign countries, apart from Government monopolies, is there any other instance of such exorbitant, monstrous, incredible returns in any legitimate industry. It all goes, we know, in relief of taxation. But is that enough, if these huge profits are the fruit of using against the feeble and the needy all the resources of industrial oppression now current in the great Sweating Market?

It is perhaps true that in its bargains with railways, steam packets, public departments, and manufacturing firms, the Post Office deals in a large and fair spirit. It is true that in the professional and

educated branches of its service the Department deals on well-understood trade principles. But the capitalist class, and the professional and clerical branches of the service, can take care of themselves. On what principles does the Post Office act in dealing with the lower grades of its service? On principles of pure competition—to get the work done on the lowest terms that can be screwed out of the great hungry market of the Unskilled Unemployed.

Under the incessant pressure of modern competition, and the excess of population over demand, there is always a great body of men and women who must take anything that offers. That is the lesson of the Sweating Committee, and all that we have heard in recent years about the dock labourers and the problem of the unemployed. The Post Office is one of the most active of all the great employers of labour to take advantage of that glut of the labour market. And it has peculiar opportunities for so doing. The Post Office has a whole code of special legislation to enable it to deal with its employed in military stringency. No one denies that there is ground for special legislation to protect and guarantee the service. The Department has lately been waging relentless war against the formation of any unions within the service. No one disputes that discipline is an essential element in efficient service. There are features about much of the work in the Post Office service which attract men into it, in spite of the low scale of its payments. The regularity of Government employment at a fixed salary is, of course, always a great attraction. Then much of the Post Office service has compensations. There is often open-air work; it often admits a good deal of social intercourse; much of the work, though fatiguing, is not quite continuous. Hence men and women will accept service in the Post Office on very low terms, and very needy and helpless people are willing to enter the service on almost any terms. Thus the Post Office has in its employment a far larger proportion of the extremely poor and ignorant than any other large department of the State, unless it be the Army and Navy, which stand outside the range of markets and relations of employer and employed. There is no body of people in Government employment at weekly wages, at rates so low, and so little able to help themselves, as those in the service of the Post Office. And the Department uses against this extremely poor, needy, and ignorant body of persons, all the resources which special legislation and modern competition have placed in its hands.

In London and in large towns the service is usually well done, and the employed are more able to protect themselves. But in rural districts the rule of running the service on the cheap is in full swing; it works great hardship on the servants of the public, and great annoyance to the public through the badness of the service. In rural districts, the sorting the letters is not a very difficult business in slack times, and the carrying the letters is within the means of any boy or old man who can walk two miles in an hour. The Department has never got over the old eighteenth-century illusion that any old crone who keeps a sweet-shop can sort country letters, and any old dotard who can toddle along a road can deliver them. "Cheap and nasty" is the Departmental rule; and it can always find broken-down old fellows who will take a pittance to keep them from the workhouse. As to sorting, Betty can do it well enough in the intervals of serving out candles and sugar-drops. In half the country places out of the grand town centres, scenes go on in the back room of the brandy-ball shop which bears her Majesty's arms, and with the boys who are loaded with mail-bags, fish, and bonnet-boxes, every morning, which recall the tale of the immortal Mrs. Mailsetter, of Fairport Post Office, in the "Antiquary." Everyone who knows an out-of-the-way village, can remember tales of the Old Biddys, the raw urchins, the doddery veterans, to whom missives of immense value and of life-or-

death importance are entrusted. In rural places now the correspondence is at times of most urgent haste and of most serious moment. At times, the letters, despatches, and parcels, of any quiet place are doubled threefold or even tenfold suddenly. Mrs. Mailsetter is distracted, and loses her head; the old Cods on the beat are an hour late all round; and some "Davie Mailsetter" is sent off with missives which may represent fifty thousand pounds and the turning-point in many a man's career. A boy who ought to be at school, or a lame old fellow who ought to be in an infirmary, come sauntering along the lane with several huge bags full of letters, parcels, newspapers, patterns, jewellery, racket-bats, fish, yeast, bonnets, and toffy, hung round the limbs and person as toys are hung on a Christmas tree. The letters, with papers of legal or monetary value, are slowly extracted from the *débris* of the toy-shop of which her Majesty's mail-bags now usually consist. The delivery is continually late; very often blunders occur; and letters, newspapers, and documents get sent to the wrong office, put into the wrong bag, carried to the wrong house, and in the end retained twenty-four or forty-eight hours over-due. The present writer has for some months past kept note of the blunders and delays, and he finds that the defaults average at a single house two to three every week. That is to say, the Post Office being paid to perform a certain service, which by law no one else is allowed to perform, fails to keep its engagements every third or fourth day, and the injured party has to put up with the Post Office form No. 55 or No. 169, with which Sir Arthur Blackwood is wont to smile away all remonstrance. What is the origin of this constant, habitual, systematic breach of contract by a State monopoly? It is always the same—an insufficient staff, incompetent sorters, hugger-mugger offices, and raw or decrepit and dotard carriers. To run the service on the cheap, to hand over to the Chancellor of the Exchequer its four millions and a half of profit, to worry the public, fob them off with form No. 55, and to screw the lower servants of the Office, is the dominant idea of the Department. The injury, annoyance, loss to the public, cannot be redressed by Sir Arthur Blackwood's smiles; and a time must come when this deliberate breach of contract by a public department with so remarkable a function must force on the question, whether the Post Office possesses its gigantic monopoly to minister to the public convenience, or to gladden the heart of the Treasury as April draws near.

From the social and moral point of view the matter is far more serious. The vast profits of the Department are largely made by sweating its lowest servants. Changes and increases in the work are made at the expense of these men and women. The Parcel Post is no doubt a brilliant success; but in country places no adequate compensation is made for the great increase in labour involved. The Department practically makes the country and the Treasury a present of the Parcel Post out of the sweat of the carriers and others, on whom it has thrown a painful new burden. The answer is—"If they don't like it they can leave it." That is simply the answer of the sweating employer everywhere; and it is not a good answer. At any rate, if it is good enough for an East End tailor's slop-shop, it is not good enough to put into the mouth of the Queen, and on the responsibility of this nation. The Office knows that it has got its carriers and other servants in a tight place. Many of them are too old, useless, or infirm, to hope for regular employment elsewhere. And it knows that old, useless, and infirm people are still to be had, if it gets rid of those it now sweats. So it keeps on increasing the work year by year, adding ever fresh burdens to its lowest servants, and bragging of the splendid profits it contributes to the Budget.

These splendid profits have a very black side. It is very doubtful whether in these days it be wise in the State to show that by spending £56 you can make an annual return of £46. But if so, it ought to

be done by showing that the £56 spent is a model of all that wise and just employment of labour should be. It is found to be cheaper to employ women than men, and so the service is largely recruited by women. That duty is not a mere matter of £ s. d. It involves an amount of moral supervision, such as is given by the most honourable firms which crowd together young men and young women in common employment. We know the stringent discipline and the incessant care bestowed on this duty by the great London houses. But we know nothing of the kind in the Post Office. And the result is, at times, flirtation, romping, and worse. The Department, in fact, is making abnormal and scandalous profits out of its monopoly, by fixing its eyes on the gain and shutting them to the duties of great employers. In fact it is practising all the arts of the sweating employer.

It is a very scandalous use to make of public money and a special legislative monopoly. Before four millions and a half are handed over to the Treasury, a portion of it should be retained to improve the service, and to improve the condition of the lowest servants. No doubt the great metropolitan, urban, and trunk services are well done, and the Atlantic and Indian mails are fine examples of what energy, skill, and British courage can achieve. But the rural service is very ill done, in the most slovenly and niggardly way, just as the streets are swept by very cheeseparing vestries in very poor parishes. It is the interest of all to make the service of the State an honourable office, and not a competitive race after big returns. We should hear much less of laws to regulate hours and wages, and legislation against sweating and over-work, if the service of the State were made a model of good and not of bad conditions of employment. And the Post Office, with its abnormal profits, approaching cent. per cent., would be a very fit department to make a beginning of treating its poor servants with consideration and justice.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

THE ALLEGED SCEPTICISM OF NEWMAN.

IN cynical moments one is tempted to think that irrelevance is the most distinctive characteristic of what is now called criticism. Hurried writing and hasty reading make bad literature, and a fluent pen does not mean a thoughtful mind. During the past few months we have had many criticisms of Newman, and the criticisms have in turn been criticised, and on no point has there been more speech and less lucidity than on his "alleged scepticism." Mr. R. H. Hutton has, in his penetrating study of the great Cardinal, devoted to it a chapter whose main feature is its remarkable success in missing the point. An ingenuous reviewer in the *Academy* commends Mr. Hutton for "the good service" he does "to history and common sense;" and adds a few passages from Newman which excellently illustrate his own inappreciative mind. Mr. A. W. Hutton, in the *Expositor*, thinks that those "who have contended that Newman's line of thought tends ultimately to scepticism, must have quite forgotten that he never ceased to affirm that the existence of a personal God 'was a fact' as clear to him as his own existence." The man who attempted to criticise Newman and yet forgot that, must have been distinguished by forgetfulness of a very stupendous order; while he might well remember it and yet think Newman a sceptic. What do men mean when they so speak?

Of course, they may mean various things. Mr. R. H. Hutton takes Professor Huxley to task, and on the whole with fair success, for saying that it would be easy to extract a very effective "Primer of Infidelity" from Newman's writings. We shall neither criticise nor defend the Professor; indeed, that were much too dangerous a thing to attempt.

People who err, or are liable to err, ought to live in becoming awe of so authoritative a person. We must not be so foolish as to touch the man who has been given to our age to set it right. He commands our reverence as a sort of incarnated encyclopædia gifted with judicial functions. He is a master of historical criticism, able to decide as to the most delicate questions touching the literature or the history of the Old and New Testaments, able to discover in Renan what no other eye ever found there. He is a philosopher who has determined the ancient *questiones vexatæ* between idealism and realism. He is a jurist learned in all that concerns the origin, bases, and limits of law. He has disposed of the Rights of Man, and shown up the follies of Positivism. He is at home in all phases of the struggle for existence, whether waged in the depths of the Atlantic or the bosom of the East End. He sees through politicians as he sees through the ages, and in his chair of judgment he handles nations and classes as easily as if they were geological epochs. If then he can extract from Newman's writings a "Primer of Infidelity," there is no more to be said; it were a contempt of science to think it could not be done. Mr. Hutton has had the temerity to criticise the Professor; we can only wonder at his singular audacity, and pass on.

But, in truth, the points raised by Huxley and defended by Hutton have really nothing whatever to do with Newman's "alleged scepticism." That is a much more fundamental thing. The sources of the possible "Primer" are secondary and symptomatic; the scepticism is primary and determinative. It does not belong to Newman's attitude to historical events, real or supposed, like miracles, or to documents, whether conceived as inspired or authoritative, or to dogmas, whether regarded as originally given or as later developed and formulated; but it concerns what underlies and regulates all his thinking, his notion of the relation of the reason to truth and truth to the reason. Newman was not a religious, but he was a philosophical sceptic, and his religious history was the direct, and indeed the inevitable, consequence of his peculiar or distinctive scepticism.

He has himself enabled us to see both its origin, basis, and action. Of the principles he owed to Butler, two are here significant—the supremacy of the conscience and the doctrine that probability is the guide of life. But these two are not harmonious; the one is contrary to the other. If conscience be supreme, life is guided by the categorical imperative rather than by probability. If the two are maintained, then the authoritative conscience and the critical or calculating intellect become antinomies that can be reconciled only by the one being subjected to or absorbed in the other. If they remain two co-ordinate faculties, each with its own province and rights, they will work in opposition rather than in harmony. Now, these two doctrines represented, both in Butler and in Newman, two opposed philosophies that neither ever did, or indeed could have fused into unity. The doctrine of conscience was transcendental, but the doctrine of probability empirical; the one was Butler's own, the other he owed to Locke. The note of the one was the sovereignty of the conscience—if it had might as it has right, power as it has manifest authority, it would absolutely govern the world; but the note of the other was the critical and ratiocinative quality of the intellect—its demand that it be furnished with proofs in order that it may have conviction; that, in short, it be by argument convinced. The demands of the two faculties as so conceived were incommensurate. Argument could never so convince the reason that its certitude should be in absolute quality equal to the categorical imperative or the magisterial deliverance of the conscience. And yet nothing less than such a certitude could satisfy a mind like Newman's, and for this reason: he conceived conscience as the religious faculty. It gave him his idea of God; it made him as certain of God's

existence as of his own; it fixed the primary and essential elements in his conception of God; it made God to him primarily a magistrate, a judge, a distributor of justice and judgment. But over against this primary and absolute dictum stood the insatiable reason, the intellect that must have its proofs, that never in its search for a guide could transcend the inexorable probability, and therefore that could never by any accumulation of probabilities create or attain the certitude that is the intellectual correlate of the absolute moral authority. As a result, there was nothing that Newman more disliked than the position that certitude should always be proportional to proof; yet there was nothing that so inevitably followed from his doctrine of probability. He demanded a faith proportioned to his theory of the conscience, but impossible to his theory of the reason; and hence was ever in search of subjective conditions, an ethical temper, a spiritual disposition, or illative sense, or other such thing, that would as it were redress the balance, and save the conscience from the antagonism of the reason.

Newman's scepticism was thus precisely, as regards its fundamental principles, like Hume's, only at once qualified and accentuated by his contradictory doctrine of conscience. If Hume had been so penetrated and overawed by a supreme moral sense which compelled him to believe in the personal being of God as in his own, he would have argued exactly as Newman did. He would, as it were by the infiltration of a moral state, have tried to eke out the insufficiency of the reason, and he would have pictured it as so critical and incapable by its own processes of reaching or retaining faith, that it would, unless curbed and governed by authority, destroy religion from off the earth. He would have said, as Newman did, "I am a Catholic because I am a theist, for my intellect can see no standing-ground between Catholicism and Atheism." And he would have said it precisely for Newman's reasons; the probabilities are so infinite and so uncertain, the proofs are so unequal to the things to be proven, the action of the intellect on these proofs is so corrosive, that without an infallible authority to guard and enforce the faith, faith will cease to live.

We take Hume as a fitter type of Newman's metaphysics than Kant, though on the moral side his affinities with Kant were greater. They were akin in their conception of conscience and its function in religion, but Kant's transcendental criticism, in spite of his argument against the conventional theistic evidences, left reason fuller of conservative and constructive or constitutive tendencies than Newman's empiricism with the vigorous polemic he based on it allowed. No man can introduce into man's nature such a schism as he introduced and be in any real sense a constructive religious thinker. He denies the very principles which make construction possible, and is therefore forced to seek from art or artifice what he has taken from nature. It was his philosophical scepticism that made Newman a Catholic; had he not become one, he would have been compelled to translate his philosophical impotence into religious doubt, and that was a translation his imperious conscience would never have allowed.

A VOICE FROM THE DEAD: AND WHAT TO DO WITH IT.

IN Mr. Punch's new Christmas Number there will be found a somewhat grisly drawing, by Mr. George du Maurier, of a funeral procession. The hearse is placarded with advertisements of "Brown's Pickles!!" and "Jones's Tea!!"; and many who looked at the drawing may have thought that it carried the art of ridicule rather far. They were mistaken, as the Rev. H. R. Haweis took pains to show in last Saturday's *Times*. This clergyman,

whose social aspirations have led him to jog backwards and forwards over the frontier of decency so often as to blunt his perception of the real line of limitation, has just been invoking the voice of Robert Browning, hushed for a bare twelve months in death, to give him another of those lifts into prominence, unattainable, or too slowly attainable, by mere spiritual labour in Marylebone. For this project he could have chosen no more admirable accomplice than Dr. Furnivall, who may be fairly called a specialist in the utilisation of dead poets. It was once asked, in Dickens's presence, "Do you think that Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall ever wink at each other?" "I should say," Dickens answered, "that they must exchange a small one, once a year—say at Christmas." We present the suggestion to Mr. Haweis and Dr. Furnivall for next week.

Mr. Haweis himself shall tell of his achievement. "To-day," he says, "was the anniversary of Robert Browning's death at Venice, and at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, in singular commemoration of it, an event unique in the history of Science and of strange sympathetic significance took place at Edison House. The voice of the dead man was heard speaking. This is the first time that Robert Browning's or any other voice has been heard from beyond the grave. It was generally known that Colonel Gouraud had got locked up in his safe some words spoken by the poet on April 7th, 1889, at the house of Rudolf Lehmann, the artist. But up to yesterday the wax cylinder containing the record had never been made to yield up its secret." Then a strange thing happened. Dr. Furnivall and Colonel Gouraud met at Mr. Haweis's house—"happened to meet" is the expression. It was not an appointment for the purpose of exchanging winks, but mere coincidence that brought three such men together. Heaven, however, smiled on the fair conjunction and Dr. Furnivall, of course, took advantage of it. He "reminded Colonel Gouraud that it was the anniversary of their mutual friend's death, and that this would be a fitting occasion to test the integrity of the cylinder containing his voice." We do not follow the reasoning: but it is enough that the party adjourned to Edison House, and there the "integrity" of the cylinder was tested. It was about the last thing present that we should have cared to test.

Now comes the event of "strange sympathetic significance," whatever that may mean. "While in breathless silence the little awed group"—Dr. Furnivall's notion of awe would especially be worth hearing—"stood round the phonograph, Robert Browning's familiar and cheery voice suddenly exclaimed "Ready?" and immediately afterwards followed—

"I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris and he;
I galloped," etc.

And all went on in a most spirited manner down to the words,

"Speed!" echoed the . . .

then the voice said hurriedly, "I forget it! er—" (some one prompts), and Browning goes on,

"Then the gate shut behind us, the lights sank to rest"

(and again the poet halted). "I—I am exceedingly sorry that I can't remember my own verses; but one thing that I remember all my life is the astonishing sensation produced upon me by your wonderful invention." Then there was a pause—Mr. Rudolf Lehmann reminded us that Browning left the speaking-tube, but, on being asked to authenticate his own words, returned. So presently, in a loud voice came shouted at us "Robert Browning." The murmur of applauding voices and loud clapping of hands followed. . . .

So this "extraordinary *séance*" closed, and, says Mr. Haweis, "the end for which the little company had met was accomplished." Indeed it were sad enough even could we quite believe this assurance. Browning butchering his one verse—for the substi-

tution of "Then the gate shut behind us" for "Behind shut the postern" is nothing short of butchery—to make a holiday for Messrs. Haweis & Co.: the dead poet dragged back to Edison House to bear witness to one of the most foolish amenities of his life:—this were grievous, in all conscience. To be sure, the living Browning was weakly kind to all manner of touting charlatans; and we have the best of all witnesses to his gentle treatment of Dr. Furnivall, when Dr. Furnivall called (another coincidence, we presume) at luncheon-time. Still he probably looked forward to a future state in which there would be no Browning Societies, and possessed his soul in patience. But does anyone believe that "the end for which the little company had met" was really accomplished before Mr. Haweis had written to the *Times* and carried himself yet another furlong on the path of notoriety by clinging, not, as usual, to a great man's coat-tails, but to a great man's shroud?

And a further question is suggested—How long are these people to be tolerated by a society that respects itself? Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in his recently published volume, "Over the Tea-cups," has exposed Mr. Haweis's methods with much good-humour. The Doctor can afford to be good-humoured, seeing that the Atlantic divides him from Queen's House, Chelsea: but there is a very pretty contempt in his language, nevertheless. Mr. Haweis, on entering upon the twenty-fifth year of his incumbency in Marylebone, gave "a barty." Unlike Hans Breitmann's, it was UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE. (Why?) Dr. Holmes gives the programme *verbatim*, and we would refer anyone who does not already know Mr. Haweis to that programme. We have not space to quote it at length, but from the borrowed jokes which it contains—and Mr. Haweis borrows even his jokes—we select one. "Stall No. 1," at this entertainment, was devoted to "Eddisoniana, or the Phonograph. Alluded to by the Roman Poet as *Vox, et preterea nihil*." The Roman Poet was a fair judge of parasites, and would have instantly detected the chances afforded by a phonograph to that "little awed group" which included Dr. Furnivall. He might have boggled over "strange sympathetic significance" in Mr. Haweis's context; and indeed the expression is hard to construe even at the close of this year of Grace, 1890. We venture to suggest as a paraphrase—"the pleasant consciousness of possessing a lustre licked from a bigger man's boots."

HOME PETS.

VI.—NOTE-BOOKS.

MY first governess, I remember, left us because my people would not increase her salary by five pounds annually. In this I think they were justified, for there are many women who are willing to teach everything, know some of it, and wash up afterwards, in exchange for a comfortable home, without any salary at all. Still, considering the circumstances, I think it was generous of my governess to present me with a book as a token of affection when she left. I believe that she did so because I was a singularly lovable child; but I have heard other motives suggested. Some say that she hoped her little offering might have a favourable influence on the recommendation which she carried to her new post; but these are cynics, people who sacrifice truth to pungency. The book in question was a guide to anyone who wished to lead a better life. It was a complete guide; it exhorted to personal cleanliness and neatness of attire, and it did not forget my spiritual needs; it also contained a chapter on the culture of the intellect. I am sorry that I have lost the book and forgotten the title of it, because I am still anxious to lead a better life.

Unfortunately, I can only remember very little of its contents now. But there was one injunction in

the chapter on the culture of the intellect which impressed me very much, and which first led me to the practice of keeping note-books. It was this:—

"Buy a note-book. Put down in it anything which strikes you in your reading, any remarkable moral reflection or edifying illustration which may fall from the pulpit on Sunday, and any useful fact which seems worth remembering."

There was another injunction in the chapter on neatness of attire, which had been apparently written by another hand. It ran thus:—

"Do not bulge your pockets with oranges and note-books. They destroy the memory as well as the clothes, and should be discouraged. Always brush and fold up after using."

To this day I do not know how clothes destroy the memory, or how you can discourage an orange, or why you should brush a note-book. I thought at the time that the chapter on the intellect was more likely to be right, and that is why I went to my uncle William. I explained to him that I was going to lead a better life, and that if he would give me two shillings to get a note-book I could begin at once. He told me it was cheaper to get some ordinary paper, cut it up, and fold it in book form. Sooner than culture my intellect with a sorry makeshift like that, I felt that I would leave it just as it was. I then remembered that I had saved up a little money in order to get an orphan boy admitted into a Sailors' Home, or something of the kind; I took that money, went to the stationer's, and asked humbly for a note-book.

The stationer was a very gloomy man. He pulled out three drawers and said hopelessly: "These 'ere are ruled for accounts and intended for business purposes; and these 'ere are meant for reporters and the like; and these 'ere are for gentlemen."

He almost intoned the words. He did not think I was going to buy one. I chose one of the best; it had a brown glossy coat, a very gentle clasp, and a small high-bred stamp-pocket; it was just the note-book for a gentleman. The stationer got almost cheerful when he had wrapped it up in paper, and put string round it, with a little loop by which I could carry it. I then found that it was eight shillings, and as I had only saved fourpence for the orphan boy I was not able to take it. I bought one of the commercial note-books instead. The stationer would not wrap it up at all. He sat in one corner of the shop with his head in his hands, and sighed at me as I went out. I asked him to show me some drawing-pins, but he only shook his head drearily.

I wrote down a great many useful facts in my note-book at first. I also amused myself with entering in it my opinion of anyone who had offended me. Then I forgot to put anything in it, and it ran away. Note-books may help you to remember other things, but you want something to make you remember the note-book. If they are not fed regularly, they always run away. Mine went to the laundress, and stopped there for a few days; it came back with my uncle William's collars, and he opened it at the written statement that he was a liar, to which I had appended my opinion of the ultimate end of all liars. There was no defence.

This made me mistrust note-books. I did not have another until my aunt gave me one when I first went to school. It was a magnificent animal to look at, very showy, with a strong back, but an evil temper. It must have been ill-treated when it was young. It had a very sharp clasp, and it used it freely; during the whole time that it was in my possession I do not remember a single day when it did not try to bite me. And it had powerful, steel-shod corners that pawed holes in all my pockets. I used to write all my themes in it, so it got plenty of exercise, but I never subdued its spirit. And I never subdued its appetite. It used to take fancies for things, and it simply would have them. I had a birthday card which represented an angel; the wings folded back and disclosed a verse of a hymn and a scent-bag. It had been sent me by someone who was very

dear to me, and I generally carried it about with me. My note-book took a great fancy for that card, and used to follow it about. In whatever pocket I put that card, I always found the note-book waiting for it. It was not a sentimental attachment: it simply meant that the note-book wanted to eat it. At last it tried to get it into the partition which was marked postcards, and crumpled it a little. I was so disgusted by its greediness that I exchanged it with Pigbury for an old British coin. He made me give him the birthday card as well, which did not show very nice feeling in Pigbury, as I had already explained to him that I had especial reasons for valuing that card. When I returned home my aunt found out that I had disposed of the note-book which she had given me with her own bony hands. There was no defence.

I have always had note-books since this incident, but I have never been fortunate with them. However great one's skill as a fancier may be, one can never be entirely superior to fortune, and I do not think them altogether satisfactory pets. It is true that they will eat anything; they will eat scraps—newspaper scraps—which you would not care to eat yourself. Some of the more robust will even stand raw verse or accounts that are only partially cooked. But—speaking of accounts reminds me of this—they always lose their figure. They are graceful little creatures when they are young, but they either grow meagre because their owners tear out too many leaves, or they get bloated and plethoric, because they are allowed to have too many scraps. In this respect they present a striking similarity to the human race, a similarity which goes far towards justifying the well-known scientific theory that man was evolved from a note-book. As it is also obvious that note-books were originally evolved from men, we see that existence is a circle, and we do away with the necessity for a first cause. The same theory provides us with a logical defence of the hereditary principle. And not only do note-books always lose their graceful figure, but their temper is proverbially uncertain. I only know one story which is really authentic of devotion displayed by a note-book. It happened in the Crimea. There was a little drummer-boy, who owned a handsome note-book that had been given him by his mother. He always carried it in his breast pocket. He was a bright, cheery, little fellow, and everybody loved him. And one day he was marching gaily along, drumming on his little drum, when a cannon-ball came after him. The cannon-ball was going so much faster than the drummer-boy that it caught him up, and, as it was a rainy day, got inside. It was found afterwards that if the cannon-ball had gone one-sixteenth of an inch further through the boy it must have quite spoiled the note-book.

ON GOOD BOYS AND BAD.

THESE is a pleasure in being called eminent, even when you are only mistaken for another man. I am not used to it (as yet), and therefore when the directors of my old school recently asked me, as a former pupil now distinguished, to "give away the prizes" this coming Christmas, and "say a few words to the boys," I hurriedly agreed. Since then I have been preparing my "few words," and, truth to tell, I don't like the look of them. How other people feel when called upon to address boys on such an occasion I cannot tell, but I feel like a humbug.

The gentle reader (who is hereby forbidden this page unless he is over eighteen years of age—signed Anon the Scribe) will tell me that nothing is easier than to give boys wholesome advice about their studies; and that whatever I say, the boys will cheer, because the holidays begin next day. But I do not need to be told that. My difficulty is not in saying "the sort of thing expected" (by the directors), but in retaining my self-respect after I have said it. The fact is, that though we all agree in preaching

truthfulness to boys, we do not practise it when we stand up in a hall (with a glass of water ready) and say a few words to them. Candidly, now, do we?

On the understanding that this week's *SPEAKER* is read in secret by adults, and then carefully concealed in Mr. Hardy's locked bookcase, I venture to speak my mind on this subject. What is expected of me when I face the boys is, first, to congratulate the prize-winners. I must remind them that the boy makes the man, and that at school we lay the foundation of our future career. "You prize-winners," I am to say, "will enjoy your relaxation infinitely more because it has been well earned. (Cheers.) The least part of your delight (though even that is considerable) will consist in reading the attractive and instructive books ('Diligent Diggers after Mammon'; 'Boys, be Industrious'; 'Lives of Earnest Lads,' etc.) which it has been my privilege this day to present to you. Your greatest delight will lie in the reflection 'Something attempted, something done, to earn a night's repose.' (Loud cheers.) As for you others who have no prizes to take home with you, how bitter must be your regrets to-day! (Cheers.) I see from your faces that I do not need to remind you of the impossibility of enjoying what you have not earned. All play and no work makes Jack a dull boy. Far be it from my desire, however, to add to your humiliation. After all, we cannot all take prizes. (Prolonged applause.) No, but we should all do our best to get them, and I ask you solemnly, Have you done your best? How often have you been in the football field—(cheers)—when you should have been at your algebra? (Silence.) Ah! my lads, I see many of you hanging your heads in shame; your conscience is pricking you. (Cheers.) It is my proud privilege to-day to give advice to you as well as to your more successful comrades, and what I say is this—Be not cast down (cheers); bravely resolve to remove the stigma from your name by becoming prize-winners next term. You will enjoy your holidays the more if you take them in moderation, and I therefore counsel you to set apart one hour a day during the festive season to home preparation. Your faces tell me that you will do so. (Applause.) Let me make one personal confession before I sit down. I was no great prize-winner myself. (Tremendous cheering.) Deeply do I regret that now. When I look back to the hours I wasted at school, despite the efforts of my revered preceptors, I still experience the burning blush of shame. Do you take warning by me. (Applause.) Dear lads, I now conclude by wishing you all a merry Christmas and a bright New Year." (Prolonged cheers.)

Such is what is expected of me, and I daresay you have both heard it and read it before. The local paper (which may have its article in type already) will call my speech eloquent and telling, and calculated to bear good fruit. But until my few words are forgotten, they will sit on my table and jeer at me, and ask me what I think of myself now. For, to be plain, I don't agree with my speech. The one true thing in it is that I was not a great prize-winner. The only prize I ever carried off, so far as I can remember, was a third for writing, which unfortunately I have lost: unfortunately, I say, because I should like to show it to the editor of *THE SPEAKER*, who shakes his head incredulously every time I mention it. When I say, however, that I deeply regret not having been a prize-winner, I tell what the boys of my day called a "whopper." Looking inside myself, I see that I do not regret it in the least. I rather glory in it. I have had a dozen talks with old school-fellows recently about our school-days, and not a word was said about prizes. The goal Killarney kicked, with a Merchiston fellow tied round his neck, and Peterson's seventy-six not out, are what we remember best. We have forgotten whether the chap who took a hundred per cent. for the scholarship was called Giddens or Gordon, but he is known to be

an usher somewhere, while Killarney (who could never translate "Balbus builds a wall") and Peterson (who spelt Euclid with a *k*) are both in Parliament. No doubt the experience of other eminent persons is different from mine, but my school-fellows who took armfuls of prizes have not "got on" so well as those who cuffed them for it.

I don't believe really that the prize-winners will enjoy their holidays more than the boy who sits at the foot of the class drawing pictures of Caius flying from the city on his Livy. I question if they will enjoy it so much, for he knows the way better. As for the books given as prizes, I despise the boy who is content with them. "Diligent Diggers" is in worship of capitalists (£1,000,000) who were also philanthropists (£1,000); "Boys, be Industrious" is a sermon (by "Cousin Helen"), and the "Earnest Lads" were wretched prigs. Were I honest, instead of calling these works attractive, I would turn on the directors and read them for not presenting "Robinson Crusoe" and "Treasure Island" instead. Then do I distribute the prizes because I consider it a privilege? No: I have accepted the post because the directors called me an eminent character. I am thinking how annoyed Miss Jenkinson (who would not have me) will be when she reads the opinion of the local press. When I say that I read shame on the downcast faces of those who are going home with nothing to brag about but drop-kicks, I will take care to look at the ceiling; and when I speak of the burning blush of shame on my own face, I will stoop to pick up my handkerchief. "Revered preceptors!" These are fine words, but how I did hate my preceptors; all except Thatcher, who was easy-going, and played the Country Mouse in our private theatricals. "Respect your beloved preceptors!" Fools! As well say, "Dote on the policeman." Obviously I have been unfortunate in my experiences. It is the industrious boys who make a figure in the world. If you say so, I am willing to believe it, though I was not industrious, and yet, see what a dash I am cutting. But I am asked to return to the old school, not to say what you think, but what my own experience has made me think. Ought I not to speak out? Instead of congratulating the prize-winners should I not fling "Diligent Diggers" at their heads, and tell them to go out and smash windows as the true road to eminence? I am almost persuaded to do it, if only to see the faces of the directors. However, when the moment comes, I shall doubtless only say "what is expected of me."

THE DRAMA.

CRITICS, under the soporific influence of a matinée performance, have been seen (and, indeed, heard) to turn a playhouse into a dormitory, but the Queen's Scholars of St. Peter's College, Westminster, are probably the only persons to whom it has occurred to turn a dormitory into a playhouse. Interesting as one cannot choose but find the old Westminster play and the young Westminster scholars, one shivers in that *locus penitentiae* which serves them for a playhouse; it is something too monkish, too cloistral, for comfort; and Little Dean's Yard itself were perchance less draughty. But to hint this is to be ribald, if not impious. Where else, pray, do you get a prologue recited by a school-captain in black silk knee-breeches? Where else do you see the ladies (they have a little pen to themselves) so plainly taught their place? Where else do you hear the back benches volleying applause with a precision that only birch-rods could enforce? Where else do you find the front benches sanctified by at least one Dean with an order (not of admission, but of the Garter), and a phalanx of Minor Canonry—not to mention the awful vision of the Head Master's gown and bands? These delights, or some

of them, strike one as the material embodiment of the school's "rich spiritual inheritance from the past," spoken of this year in the Prologue. Nevertheless, the Westminster play boasts one inheritance from the past, neither spiritual nor rich; in fact, sadly in need of repair. I refer to the scenery, of which a portion was so rotten as to fall, at one of the performances of the *Adelphi* this week, from its frame to the stage. This accident caused the venerable Micio to skip about in a way not prescribed by the stage-manager, and thus gave to his ensuing half-line,

"Defessus sum ambulando,"

the unexpected force of a "topical" illusion.

You are familiar of course with the plot of the *Adelphi*? "Vous savez le latin sans doute?" said the philosopher to M. Jourdain. "Ouy," was the reply, "ouï, mais faites comme si je ne le sçavois pas." So, although you are familiar with the plot, it will perhaps be well for me to narrate it, all the same. Here it is, in doggerel perpetrated some years ago by an Old Westminster:—

"Two brothers once in Athens dwelt of old,
Though widely did their dispositions differ;
One loved the country, was a churl and scold,
The other bland and gentle as a zephyr.

"Demea, the churl, had once a wife—since dead,
And, as it seems, he did not much regret her;
Micio, the bland, had not been so miss-led,
And never—"

But stay! Let me try (in Mr. Andrew Lang's favourite quotation from the *Cookery Books*) "another way." Everyone, with whom nescience is not a foible, knows the plot of the *Pair of Spectacles* at the Garrick. Now, with just a little "humouring," a little manipulation of the truth (I make the matter-of-fact a present of this admission), it ought not to be difficult to show a practical identity between the plot of Mr. Grundy's (or rather M. Labiche's) play and that of Terence's *Adelphi*. You remove the scene from a villa at Hampstead to a terrace at Athens, with a distant view of the Acropolis. The two brothers, Gregory (from Sheffield) and Benjamin, you will re-name Demea and Micio, the two youngsters becoming Æschinus and Ctesipho. Mrs. Benjamin, of course, will have to disappear: no Roman playwright would have ventured to show you a matron in her own home. For the butler and parlourmaid, you will have to substitute slaves, the faithful Geta and the splendidly mendacious Syrus. These purely formal changes effected, you find your identity established. But take note that it is an inverted identity. In the Garrick play, the scapegrace son borrows the good reputation (you remember, *e.g.*, that little incident of the photograph and the barrister's robes) of the other. In the *Adelphi*, it is the other who takes on his own shoulders the evil reputation of the scapegrace. At the Garrick, the *nodus* of the action is the sudden (and sincere) perversion of the "bland" Micio-Benjamin to the philosophy of the "churl," Demea-Gregory. In the *Adelphi*, it is the equally sudden (and ironic) conversion of the churlish Demea to the blandness of Micio. The attempt to trace this parallel is not, of course, to be construed into an insinuation that M. Eugène Labiche and Mr. Sydney Grundy (whose classical scholarship, it is an open secret, is on a par with M. Jourdain's) have read Terence.

The performance at Westminster shows, however, that the real interest of the *Adelphi*, for a modern audience, lies not in its plot, but in the purely episodic scenes between the iracund Demea and the impudent Syrus. The passage in which the slave mimics the old martinet to his face, and that in which he sends him all over the city on a fool's errand, would not be out of place in eighteenth-century comedy. Indeed, it is curious to note how many types and features there are in the play which, after the lapse of two thousand years, still retain their hold on the stage. The indulgent and the

tyrannical father, the scapegrace son; these, of course, are eternal. Geta, the faithful slave, is the direct ancestor of Shakespeare's Adam, of Noël in *La Joie fait Peur*, of Jakes in *The Silver King*, and of I know not how many more tedious, limpet-like domestics. As for Sostrata, the ill-used mother-in-law, any contemporary farce will show you to what monstrous proportions that lady has developed on the stage. In Hegio, the "family-friend," is it fanciful to detect a long line of *raisonneurs*, including the Cléantes of Molière, to end in the Thouvenins (and perhaps the Des Ryons?) of Dumas fils? Then there is the wily, familiar, obsequious, sapient, lying, drunken slave Syrus—hats off, please, to Syrus!—for Syrus begat Scapin, and Scapin begat Figaro, and Figaro begat—well, among other little matters, the French Revolution, Mr. Punch, and the whole race of critics (including—*mehercle!* as Syrus himself would say—the dramatic).

Aye! Even the *fin-de-siècle* critic is anticipated in the *Adelphi*. When Micio turns upon Demea in Act V. to inquire the reason of his sudden conversion, with the question "*quæ res tam repente mores mutavit tuos?*" do I not hear Mr. Clement Scott asking the very same question of Beau Austin about his proposal of marriage to Dorothy Musgrave, while M. Francisque Sarcey buttonholes Terence to explain to him that "the art of drama is the art of preparations"?

All the Westminster boys spout their Latin with commendable distinctness, but have yet to learn that one of the rudiments of acting is to look at the audience, and not at your toes. J. S. Phillimore's Syrus was the best thing in the cast; and next to that, perhaps, the Geta of C. F. Watherston, a good realisation of Demea's description of the character:—

" . . . ut captus est servorum, non malus
Neque iners . . . "

The youngsters found freer scope for their high spirits in the Epilogue, which of course was as usual "palpitating with actuality." Syrus became a police magistrate (in scarlet and ermine) who sentences Ctesipho to *septem dies cum duro labore* for photographing an Irish row. Ctesipho, whose Latin was not without an appropriate touch of the brogue, was hurried off by the *Balforiana cohors* while shouting "*Dulce est pro patria Gladstonique mori!*" Æschinus was a Guardsman, exiled to Bermuda; Sannio, a matrimonial agent sued by Sostrata. Needless to say there were allusions to *lymphæ Koch-ta* and the *Salvans Exercitus*. On the whole, good boyish fooling.

A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

THE most remarkable compliment paid to MR. GEORGE MEREDITH by his contemporaries is not the issue of a somewhat foolish book about him, nor the formation of a Meredith Society, nor the general recognition of him after many days as one of the half-dozen great English novelists. It is rather the fact that many of his admirers have made for themselves manuscript copies of such of his work as is now out of print. But if the existence of "Modern Love" (especially) in various handwritings is a proof, probably unique, that cultured people will have their MEREDITH complete at any cost of labour, it is also, surely, an appeal for another edition of the book in which that great poem appeared. MR. MEREDITH's public has increased tenfold within the last few years, and there is a strong body of young men in the country of whom he has had the intellectual making. We know of one of these who has given away over thirty complete sets of the novels as wedding presents. Yet "Modern Love" has to be copied in manuscript, and "Chloe" (that wonderful tragedy) is altogether out of sight. Why are Mr. MEREDITH's publishers not looking after their own interests better?

SOME admirers of MR. JEROME K. JEROME suggest that the Christmas ghost will scarcely survive the fun of "Told After Supper." In this volume, with a red cover and blue type, MR. JEROME turns ghosts in general to ridicule. The humour is not very infectious, and the ghost has outlived much more entertaining burlesque. There is nothing in this book so good as the spectre of Tappington Hall, or the two weird nuns who sat beside the bed of the gay mousquetaire in "Ingoldsby." But the easiest test of MR. JEROME'S success is whether anyone would prefer to read a first-rate ghost story instead of this collection of rather small parodies. It is probable that the supernatural in fiction will outlive MR. JEROME.

WHY is MISS RHODA BROUGHTON so anxious to endow her personages in "Alas!" with an almost superhuman knowledge of the poets? Four people in this story have SHAKESPEARE, TENNYSON, COLERIDGE, KEATS, VICTOR HUGO, and R. L. STEVENSON always at their beck and call. There is a youngster of twenty-two who in the midst of the most poignant grief quotes as freely as he weeps. Of literary allusions in prose, the hint about the grief of JEPHTHA'S daughter is quite a model of its kind. It says a good deal for MISS BROUGHTON'S skill that despite this load of borrowed literature, and despite certain opinions of her own—e.g., that GARIBALDI was a "shoddy hero"—her latest novel is remarkably good. The characters are all alive, and the story is the most artistic she has ever written. There is much more genuine humour and much less flippancy than in her former writings, and the pathos of Amelia Wilson's life and death is admirable.

THE American *Nation* announces a new poet, EMILY DICKINSON, whose works have been issued posthumously by MESSRS. ROBERTS BROS., Boston. This lady was born in 1830, and died in 1886. Her life was spent in seclusion in the college town of Amherst, and she resolutely refused to publish her verses, showing them only to a very few friends. She is said to belong distinctly but unconsciously to the school of BLAKE—"if, indeed, he had any other scholar." The following poem has certainly a sound as of BLAKE singing in the grave:—

"I died for beauty, but was scarce
Adjusted in the tomb,
When one who died for truth was laid
In an adjoining room.
"He questioned softly why I failed?
'For beauty,' I replied.
'And I, for truth: the two are one;
We brethren are,' he said.
"And so as kinsmen met a-night,
We talked between the rooms,
Until the moss had reached our lips
And covered up our names."

"The extraordinary terseness and vigour of that weird conclusion," says the enthusiastic reviewer in the *Nation*, "runs through all the poems."

BUT why should EMILY DICKINSON be a scholar of BLAKE'S? No evidence is given that she had even read him. Other English poets, such as WORDSWORTH and COLERIDGE in the past, and MR. BRIDGES and MISS ROSSETTI to-day, have struck this note of terseness, have woven verses which have the very ring of BLAKE; verses combined of strength, sweetness, and simplicity, the qualities usually accompanying originality in poetry. The truth is that the comparative study of literature is at the best a necessary evil; and many people remember with much satisfaction the moment when they shook themselves free of literary primers, and said to themselves, "No more comparing of Virgil with Homer. It was good enough as a bladder, all that assaying and balancing; but now for a free plunge into books!" To think one's own thought, not

another's; to like and to hate, not by rule, but at pleasure, is the only way to get anything worth having out of books, as out of dinners. Some people in America, holding a different opinion, started recently "Poet-Lore: a Monthly Magazine devoted to Shakespeare, Browning, and the Comparative Study of Literature." Duxes and prize-takers naturally exaggerate the value of the work in which they have excelled; and it is not astonishing that they try to perpetuate it after they have left school. They, in their turn, must not wonder when the dunce, who are unhappily in a large majority, refuse to be interested in the duxes' ideas of what BROWNING meant in "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came."

A WRITER in the last issue of "Poet-Lore" explains, as becomes a dux, that BROWNING'S "Childe Roland" is an allegorical masterpiece, telling the story of a pilgrim who, disregarding his first keen intuitions, obeys the suggestion of the hoary deceiver at the stile, and turns aside into the malarial meadow of sophistry and pathless chaos, wandering hither and thither, finding himself at last surrounded by the ugly heights of Doubting Castle, one more victim of Giant Despair. The dunce, who remembers hearing in the college debating society that "Childe Roland" "celebrates the loyalty of a hero to his ideal"; who has read also, with dismay, that this much-criticised poem proceeded "by a purer because more intuitive poetic genesis" from "the currents of imagination set moving" during the composition of "Paracelsus," and "the unused cosmic material that floated on them"; and who is besides aware that there are many other explanations, grows exasperated in spite of his indifference, and wishes to speak his mind.

"FIRST of all," says the dunce, "it is now known that BROWNING, having written no poetry for several weeks, composed 'Childe Roland' in the most spontaneous manner and in a day's time, to get his hand in—the greatest single day's work done by a British poet since BURNS wrote 'Tam o' Shanter.' It must therefore be an imaginative representation of BROWNING'S thought and emotion during the period immediately preceding its composition: a musician would have given us a sombre sonata; REMBRANDT, a gloomy head with a ray of light across the eyes. Well, had it been a piece of music or a picture, it might have been possible to translate something of its meaning into words; but it is in words already—BROWNING'S OWN WORDS. Would anybody dare to explain the meaning of CHOPIN'S 'Valse Funèbre' by cutting it up into a set of five-finger exercises; or the significance of TURNER'S 'Man Overboard,' by painting another picture of it in a different scheme of colour? Yet literary criticism is constantly attempting something as absurd—the explanation of passionate utterance by utterance which is unimpassioned. Any good pianist will tell you that he never really understands a piece of music worth studying until he knows it by heart, and can play it in the dark; and then he has nothing to say about it—couldn't say anything if he tried. If you want to understand 'Childe Roland,' read nobody's account of it, but learn it by heart, and say it over to yourself every day for a while—in the underground railway: you will find wonderful meanings in it." Dunces always were very unpractical. MR. SWINBURNE, referring to this aspect of literary study in his article on VICTOR HUGO'S "En Voyage" (*North American Review* for December), makes a good distinction. He says it is vain and foolish to attempt "to arrange the order of precedence, or determine the rank of merit, but the desire to appreciate the special qualities, of the writers compared, is 'rational and scholarly'."

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

SOME admirers of MR. JEROME K. JEROME suggest that the Christmas ghost will scarcely survive the fun of "Told After Supper." In this volume, with a red cover and blue type, MR. JEROME turns ghosts in general to ridicule. The humour is not very infectious, and the ghost has outlived much more entertaining burlesque. There is nothing in this book so good as the spectre of Tappington Hall, or the two weird nuns who sat beside the bed of the gay mousquetaire in "Ingoldsby." But the easiest test of MR. JEROME's success is whether anyone would prefer to read a first-rate ghost story instead of this collection of rather small parodies. It is probable that the supernatural in fiction will outlive MR. JEROME.

WHY is MISS RHODA BROUGHTON so anxious to endow her personages in "Alas!" with an almost superhuman knowledge of the poets? Four people in this story have SHAKESPEARE, TENNYSON, COLERIDGE, KEATS, VICTOR HUGO, and R. L. STEVENSON always at their beck and call. There is a youngster of twenty-two who in the midst of the most poignant grief quotes as freely as he weeps. Of literary allusions in prose, the hint about the grief of JEPHTHA's daughter is quite a model of its kind. It says a good deal for MISS BROUGHTON's skill that despite this load of borrowed literature, and despite certain opinions of her own—e.g., that GARIBALDI was a "shoddy hero"—her latest novel is remarkably good. The characters are all alive, and the story is the most artistic she has ever written. There is much more genuine humour and much less flippancy than in her former writings, and the pathos of Amelia Wilson's life and death is admirable.

THE *American Nation* announces a new poet, EMILY DICKINSON, whose works have been issued posthumously by MESSRS. ROBERTS BROS., Boston. This lady was born in 1830, and died in 1886. Her life was spent in seclusion in the college town of Amherst, and she resolutely refused to publish her verses, showing them only to a very few friends. She is said to belong distinctly but unconsciously to the school of BLAKE—"if, indeed, he had any other scholar." The following poem has certainly a sound as of BLAKE singing in the grave:—

"I died for beauty, but was scarce
Adjusted in the tomb,
When one who died for truth was laid
In an adjoining room.

"He questioned softly why I failed?
'For beauty,' I replied.
'And I, for truth: the two are one;
We brethren are,' he said.

"And so as kinsmen met a-night,
We talked between the rooms,
Until the moss had reached our lips
And covered up our names."

"The extraordinary terseness and vigour of that weird conclusion," says the enthusiastic reviewer in the *Nation*, "runs through all the poems."

BUT why should EMILY DICKINSON be a scholar of BLAKE'S? No evidence is given that she had even read him. Other English poets, such as WORDSWORTH and COLERIDGE in the past, and MR. BRIDGES and MISS ROSSETTI to-day, have struck this note of terseness, have woven verses which have the very ring of BLAKE; verses combined of strength, sweetness, and simplicity, the qualities usually accompanying originality in poetry. The truth is that the comparative study of literature is at the best a necessary evil; and many people remember with much satisfaction the moment when they shook themselves free of literary primers, and said to themselves, "No more comparing of Virgil with Homer. It was good enough as a bladder, all that assaying and balancing; but now for a free plunge into books!" To think one's own thought, not

another's; to like and to hate, not by rule, but at pleasure, is the only way to get anything worth having out of books, as out of dinners. Some people in America, holding a different opinion, started recently "Poet-Lore: a Monthly Magazine devoted to Shakespeare, Browning, and the Comparative Study of Literature." Duxes and prize-takers naturally exaggerate the value of the work in which they have excelled; and it is not astonishing that they try to perpetuate it after they have left school. They, in their turn, must not wonder when the dunces, who are unhappily in a large majority, refuse to be interested in the duxes' ideas of what BROWNING meant in "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came."

A WRITER in the last issue of "Poet-Lore" explains, as becomes a dux, that BROWNING'S "Childe Roland" is an allegorical masterpiece, telling the story of a pilgrim who, disregarding his first keen intuitions, obeys the suggestion of the hoary deceiver at the stile, and turns aside into the malarial meadow of sophistry and pathless chaos, wandering hither and thither, finding himself at last surrounded by the ugly heights of Doubting Castle, one more victim of Giant Despair. The dunce, who remembers hearing in the college debating society that "Childe Roland" "celebrates the loyalty of a hero to his ideal"; who has read also, with dismay, that this much-criticised poem proceeded "by a purer because more intuitive poetic genesis" from "the currents of imagination set moving" during the composition of "Paracelsus," and "the unused cosmic material that floated on them"; and who is besides aware that there are many other explanations, grows exasperated in spite of his indifference, and wishes to speak his mind.

"FIRST of all," says the dunce, "it is now known that BROWNING, having written no poetry for several weeks, composed 'Childe Roland' in the most spontaneous manner and in a day's time, to get his hand in—the greatest single day's work done by a British poet since BURNS wrote 'Tam o' Shanter.' It must therefore be an imaginative representation of BROWNING'S thought and emotion during the period immediately preceding its composition: a musician would have given us a sombre sonata; REMBRANDT, a gloomy head with a ray of light across the eyes. Well, had it been a piece of music or a picture, it might have been possible to translate something of its meaning into words; but it is in words already—BROWNING'S own words. Would anybody dare to explain the meaning of CHOPIN'S 'Valse Funèbre' by cutting it up into a set of five-finger exercises; or the significance of TURNER'S 'Man Overboard,' by painting another picture of it in a different scheme of colour? Yet literary criticism is constantly attempting something as absurd—the explanation of passionate utterance by utterance which is unimpassioned. Any good pianist will tell you that he never really understands a piece of music worth studying until he knows it by heart, and can play it in the dark; and then he has nothing to say about it—couldn't say anything if he tried. If you want to understand 'Childe Roland,' read nobody's account of it, but learn it by heart, and say it over to yourself every day for a while—in the underground railway: you will find wonderful meanings in it." Dunces always were very unpractical. MR. SWINBURNE, referring to this aspect of literary study in his article on VICTOR HUGO'S "En Voyage" (*North American Review* for December), makes a good distinction. He says it is vain and foolish to attempt "to arrange the order of precedence, or determine the rank of merit, but the desire to appreciate the special qualities, of the writers compared, is 'rational and scholarly'."

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

97
MR. SWINBURNE'S prose, full of mannerism as it has become latterly, is always the work of one who delights in that form of utterance as eagerly as when the "Study of Blake" revealed the ambidextrous writer. Perpetual youth is the dowry of poets, and has been used to excuse the inconstancy which marks their literary affections; but the adoration of HUGO by SWINBURNE deepens with the years. In his review of "En Voyage" his heartfelt worship of the Titanic Frenchman is more apparent in the regret he expresses that certain sights were unseen and unnoted by HUGO, than in direct praise. For example, the lake of Gaube in the valley of Caunterets is not described, to MR. SWINBURNE'S "disappointed amazement." It shocks him almost as much as it would if he were some day to find that a chorus of the "Agamemnon" had been lost beyond recall from his memory as well as from all written or printed record.

THE "Threnody" in the *Athenæum* is in a measure once more that an ordinary man may read without catching his breath; and is marked by the finer qualities of MR. SWINBURNE'S later verse—simplicity in the style, and hopefulness in the feeling.

At a preliminary meeting of members of the National Liberal Club, held on Tuesday, PROFESSOR T. W. RHYS DAVIDS occupying the chair, it was decided to form within the club a "Philosophical Circle," for the discussion of philosophical questions. It is proposed to hold an inaugural dinner on January 14th, at 7 p.m., when the Provisional Committee will submit proposals as to the organisation of the Circle, and an inaugural address will be delivered by PROFESSOR T. W. RHYS DAVIDS, on "The Evolution of Indian Philosophy as compared with Western Thought." The movement has already found cordial and influential support within the Club.

THE modesty of MR. J. K. STEPHEN gives a separate and distinct flavour to politics. He combines the intellectual and moral force of a GLADSTONE with the intellect of a NAPOLEON and a PARNELL. With the equipment of a shillelagh, he proposed to stand as a third candidate for Kilkenny, and pitch into both sides; but, strange to say, not ten Unionists were found to support his nomination. So he hopes that the Unionists of Kilkenny will repair this omission by writing or telegraphing to him in order that he may disclose to a dazzled world the real strength of the Empire in that constituency. MR. STEPHEN says he backs the Fenians because he is against Home Rule. He is in favour of restoring Ireland to the secret societies. This is the impressive morality of the whole Unionist party.

MADAME NOVIKOFF is always ready to contradict any silly story about the Czar that finds its way into the newspapers, but on matters of real moment she is usually silent or perverse. This perversity seems to be a common failing of the extreme Russophile. MR. GEORGE KENNAN has again convicted MR. DE WINDT of gross errors, which there is little reason to suppose that gentleman will correct in his forthcoming work on Siberian prisons. It may be a comfort to the Czar to have champions of this kind, especially the lady who waxes indignant when some gossip asserts that her august Sovereign has forbidden his subjects to visit Monte Carlo, though she is perfectly tranquil about the treatment of the Russian Jews and the Siberian exiles.

MR. STANLEY and his assailants still keep up a dropping fire, but the *warm* interest of the struggle is over. SIR ROBERT FOWLER asks for a Commission, but the public have quite enough information about

the too notorious rear-guard. MR. WALTER BARTTELOT is apparently incapable of learning anything from adversity, for he favours the world with a communication from a Belgian officer, whose evidence cannot be weighed for a moment against MR. BONNY'S. Most people have long accepted the suggestion that MAJOR BARTTELOT, in the closing months of his life, was an ungovernable lunatic, and it is a thousand pities that his own family did not reconcile themselves to a theory which would have saved his memory from all this obloquy.

"THE court was crowded with the *élite* of Paris. LORD LYTTON and other ambassadors were present." The ingenuous reader might suppose that this refers to some remarkable State trial in the French capital. It is a trial indeed, but the accused are two of the most loathsome wretches in the whole category of criminals. LORD LYTTON and other ambassadors were apparently unable to quell the curiosity which distinguished the *élite* of Belgravia at the trial of MRS. PEARCEY. This crowding to stare at a murderess seems to be inseparable from a polite education. No doubt LORD LYTTON will write a despatch to LORD SALISBURY about EYRAUD and GABRIELLE BOMPARD, and the Foreign Secretary in his next speech will mention this zeal as an illustration of his success in foreign affairs.

AN attempt is to be made to revive public interest in the idea of an English dramatic Conservatoire. The truth is, that though several schemes have been tried, they have all failed for lack of proper patronage and sufficient capital. To carry on such a school would demand a very large sum, and there is no sign that any philanthropist is prepared to spend his money in this fashion. As for a State subsidy, how improbable that is may be judged, amongst other indications, from the fact that the directors of the Royal College of Music were afraid to attach a dramatic department to their institution for fear of losing many subscribers.

THE body of SIR EDGAR BOEHM is borne to-day, by Her Majesty's express desire, with all such pomp as may become the obsequies of the Queen's official sculptor, to its last resting-place in our great metropolitan church. In SIR EDGAR we lose an artist possessed of a peerless gift for portraiture in marble, a gift acquired, perhaps, in those earlier days when, as son of the artist-director of the Vienna Mint, his attention was especially directed to portrait effigies on the Austrian coinage. The deceased Academician was a mortuary artist without rival, and knew exactly how best to decorate a sarcophagus; and he achieved nothing more beautiful than his recumbent figure of DEAN STANLEY. This faculty especially endeared him to the Queen, and of late years his art has been chiefly devoted to the adornment of the tombs or cenotaphs of persons of royal or high ecclesiastical rank.

OF his additions to the statuary of our public places it is impossible to speak with equal praise. It is a very open question whether a portrait-statue is in any case an artistic commemoration of a man who has deserved well of the Commonwealth. But the very fidelity of SIR EDGAR BOEHM'S portraiture tended to render his street statues commonplace, while his quality of picturesqueness was fatal to the dignity and severity essential to out-of-door monuments. Nor was his work redeemed by heroic inspiration. The DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S equestrian statue, placed last year in front of Apsley House, to compensate that great general's descendants for any loss they may have suffered from the recent removal of the incongruous object which disfigured the noble entrance to the Green Park, is no doubt an excellent

bronze presentment of an elderly gentleman and his favourite mount. The four figures of soldiers of the Waterloo period at the corners, though superfluous, are undeniably picturesque in themselves, and their military trappings absolutely correct. But the monument, taken in its entirety, is absolutely undecorative. It is, moreover, uninspired and unheroic; and for these qualities not comparable to MAROCHETTI'S *CŒUR DE LION* at Westminster, one of the very few statues which do adorn our capital.

TWELVE years ago, BOEHM was elected an A.R.A.; four years later he became a full Academician. It is greatly to the honour of Burlington House that it so readily recognises foreign genius, and offers it every inducement to confer its presence upon us. Yet it is in this generosity that MR. SYDNEY COOPER, R.A., and sundry others of the older men, find cause for reproach against the official art corporation. The death of SIR EDGAR BOEHM and the retirement of the *doyen* of the Academy, MR. CALDER MARSHALL, leave two vacant *fauteuils* at Burlington House. SIR EDGAR found his Magyar origin no bar to a baronetcy. On the contrary. He received his appointment at Court in 1881, and was responsible for the Jubilee coinage. His title was conferred last year. In Society he was a cultured and lovable man, utterly without ostentation. His studio door, to this day, is lettered "MR. BOEHM." To the esteem and friendship in which he was held by the Royal Family the dramatic incidents connected with his decease bear testimony.

THE exhibition of pictures by MR. GEORGE HITCHCOCK at Goupil's Galleries calls for something more than passing comment. MR. HITCHCOCK is an American artist, living and painting in Holland, where he seems to be bound by mystic vows to the workshop of the tulip. He is certainly profoundly enamoured of this glorious flower. He devotes canvas after canvas to depicting its culture; and its scarlet cup flames in the foreground when he deals with a sacred theme. In pure landscape or sea pieces, he seems much influenced by MESDAG and the contemporary Dutchmen; in subject pictures he owes much to France and more to his own individual genius. His "Tulip Cutting," which won for him English notoriety, though very indifferently hung at last year's Academy, is now on view in Bond Street, and it is incredible how much that beautiful and daring picture gains by proper lighting. Close by is his "Maternité," with which he secured Parisian honours. A peasant woman walks across the soft-toned sea-dunes, an urchin at her skirt, a babe held gently at her breast; her graceful, but quite unrealised, figure moves naturally and pleasantly forward; the warm atmosphere seems to hold the light in luminous solution. It is full of poetry, yet most unstrained. It is a well-balanced composition, and painted with the greatest technical skill.

CONCERNING MR. HITCHCOCK'S "The Manger," we cannot express ourselves in terms of such unqualified admiration. The Madonna is a young and beautiful Dutch peasant woman, garbed in one of Holland's most picturesque local costumes, sitting in a vernal meadow with the Babe in her arms; on her right, in a little fold, are two young calves; on her left a Haarlem bulb-man's field of tulips shimmers with motley ranks of the serried flowers in the sun; at Mary's feet a single tulip burns red; but round her head is placed a halo of gold. Aesthetically, save for the circlet of hard, glittering, incongruous metal, it is a devoutly beautiful composition; but the treatment of the subject does not please us. It has neither the realism of such painters as MR. HOLMAN HUNT, who seek their models in modern Palestine; nor does it

harmonise with the conventions and traditions—made dear to us by generations of reverence—handed down from the great Italian masters. Nor again does it accord with PROFESSOR VON UHDE'S theories of painting the unlovely European peasants to-day.

THE ambition of some stage-struck boy or girl has more than once been counteracted by a visit to the back of the stage. To surmount the dejection produced by the discovery that the scenery, and the fine dresses, and the brilliant lights, make up a phantasmagoria that hides a great ugly cupboard full of all manner of skeletons—machinery carpenters, call-boys, &c.—requires some robustness of intellect. Superstition is one of the last things that we connect with the capacity to penetrate that most deceptive of all forms of illusion, viz., disillusion. Yet it appears from an article in the current *Theatre* that actors, to whom the skeletons of the stage are as familiar as ordinary household skeletons are to ordinary people, have kept steadily "behind the times in the matter of superstition."

FRAGMENTS of coal are hurled from the stage to the gallery to exorcise the spirit of ill-luck. It is destruction to a play to speak the "tag" at rehearsal. To whistle in a dressing-room will cause severe illness to the nearest auditor; and to whistle Locke's music to *Macbeth* is calculated to bring the run of a play to an abrupt termination. The actor's fear of a yellow clarinet in the orchestra is only equalled by his reverence for cobwebs behind the scenes. Black cats are good or bad according to the tradition of the theatre. It was not *The Private Secretary*, but a black cat, that brought luck at last to the Globe. Friday is generally disliked by actors; but it is MR. EDWARD TERRY'S favourite day. Mesdames PATTI and BERNHARDT are afraid of the "evil eye;" but every actor likes a hunchback—"to touch the hunch is to ensure a run of good luck." All this seems very childish; but who can afford to laugh the first laugh? Are there no superstitious observances in Parliament, on the Stock Exchange, in Convocation, in Art and Literature? As long as life remains, or is regarded as a lottery, the belief in chance will bring in its train a host of subordinate superstitions.

THE CAROL.

AN ECLOGUE.

I WAS sixteen that Christmas:—all Veryan parish knows the date of the famous "black winter," when the *Johann* brig came ashore on Kibberick beach, with a dozen foreigners frozen stiff on her fore-top, and Lawyer Job, up at Ruan, lost all his lambs but two. There was neither rhyme nor wit in the season; and up to St. Thomas's eve, when it first started to freeze, the folk were thinking that summer meant to run straight into spring. I mind the ash being in leaf on Advent Sunday, and a crowd of martins skimming round the church windows during sermon-time. Each morning brought blue sky, warm mists, and a dew that hung on the brambles till near noon. The frogs were spawning in the pools; primroses were out by scores and monthly roses blooming still; and Master shot a goat-sucker on the last day in November. All this puzzled the sheep, I suppose, and gave them a notion that their time, too, was at hand. At any rate the lambs fell early; and when they fell, it had turned to perishing cold.

That Christmas-eve, while the singers were up at the house and the fiddles going like mad, it was a dismal time for two of us. Laban Pascoe, the hind, spent his night in the upper field where the sheep lay, while I spent mine in the chall* looking after

* Cow-house.

Molly, our Guernsey, that had slipped her calf in the afternoon—being promised the casling's skin for a Sunday waistcoat, if I took care of the mother. Bating the cold air that came under the door, I kept pretty cosy, what with the hay-bands round my legs and the warm breath of the cows: for we kept five. There was no wind outside, but moonlight and a still, frozen sky, like a sounding board: so that every note of the music reached me, with the bleat of Laban's sheep far up the hill and the waves' wash on the beaches below. Inside the chall the only sounds were the slow chewing of the cows, the rattle of a tethering-block, now and then, or a moan from Molly. Twice the uproar from the house coaxed me to the door to have a look at Laban's scarlet lantern moving above, and make sure that he was worse off than I. But mostly I lay still on my straw in the one empty stall, staring into the foggy face of my own lantern, thinking of the waistcoat, and listening.

I was dozing, belike, when a light tap on the door made me start up, rubbing my eyes.

"Merry Christmas, Dick!"

A little head, bright with tumbled curls, was thrust in, and a pair of round eyes stared round the chall, then back to me, and rested on my face.

"Merry Christmas, little mistress."

"Dick,—if you tell, I'll never speak to you again. I only wanted to see if 'twas true."

She stepped inside the chall, shutting the door behind her. Under one arm she hugged a big boy-doll, dressed like a sailor,—from the Christmas-tree, I guessed,—and a bright tinsel star was pinned on the shoulder of her bodice. She had come across the cold town-place in her muslin frock, with no covering for her shoulders; and the manner in which that frock was hitched upon her made me stare.

"I got out of bed again and dressed myself," she explained. "Nurse is in the kitchen, dancing with the young man from Pen-rare who can't afford to marry her for *ever* so long, father says. I saw them twirling, as I slipped out—"

"You have done a wrong thing," said I: "you might catch your death."

Her lip fell:—she was but fourteen. "Dick, I only wanted to see if 'twas true."

"What?" I asked, covering her shoulders with the empty sack that had been my pillow.

"Why, that the cows pray on Christmas-eve. Nurse says that at twelve o'clock to-night all the cows in their stalls will be on their knees, if only somebody is there to see. So, as it's near twelve by the tall clock indoors, I've come to see," she wound up.

"It's quig-nogs, I expect. I never heard of it."

"Nurse says they kneel and make a cruel moan, like Christian creatures. It's because Christ was born in a stable, and so the cows know all about it. Listen to Molly! Dick, she's going to begin!"

But Molly having heaved her moan, merely shuddered and was still again.

"Just fancy, Dick," the little one went on, "it happened in a chall like ours!" She was quiet for a moment, her eyes fixed on the glossy rumps of the cows. Then, turning quickly—"I know about it, and I'll show you. Dick, you must be Saint Joseph and I'll be the Virgin Mary. Wait a bit—"

God forgive me if I wanted to laugh! Her quick fingers began to undress the sailor-doll and fold his clothes carefully. "I *meant* to christen him Robinson Crusoe," she explained, as she laid the small garments, one by one, on the straw; "but he can't be Robinson Crusoe till I've dressed him again properly." The doll was stark naked now, with waxen face and shoulders and bulging bags of sawdust for body and legs.

"Dick," she said, folding the doll in her arms and kissing it,—*"St. Joseph, I mean—the first thing we've got to do is to let people know he's born. Sing that carol I heard you trying over last week—the one that says 'Far and far I carry it.'"*

So I sang, while she rocked the babe:—

*"Naked boy, brown boy,
In the snow deep,
Piping, carolling
Folks out of sleep;
Little shoes, thin shoes,
Shoes so wet and worn'—
But I bring the merry news
—Christ is born!"*

*Rise, pretty mistress,
In your smock of silk;
Give me for my good news
Bread and new milk.
Joy, joy in Jewry,
This very morn!
Far and far I carry it
—Christ is born!"*

She heard me gravely to the end; then pulling a handful of straw, spread it in the empty manger and laid the doll there. No, I forget; one moment she held it close to her breast and looked down on it. The God who fashions children can tell where she learnt that look, and why I remembered it ten years later, when they let me look into the room where she lay with another babe in her clay-cold arms.

"Count forty," she went on, using the very words of Pretty Tommy, our parish clerk; "count forty and let fly with 'Now draw around—'"

*"Now draw around, good Christian men,
And rest you worshiping—"*

We sang the carol softly together, she resting one hand on the edge of the manger.

"And now there's nothing to do but sit down and wait for the wise men and the shepherds."

It was a little while that she watched, being long over-tired. The warm air of the chall weighed on her eyelids; and, as they closed, her head sank on my shoulder. For ten minutes I sat, listening to her breathing. Molly rose heavily from her bed and lay down again, with a long sigh; another cow woke up and rattled her rope a dozen times through its ring; up at the house the fiddling grew more furious; but the little maid slept on. At last I wrapped the sack closely round her, and lifting her in my arms, carried her out into the night. She was my master's daughter, and I had not the courage to kiss so much as her hair. Yet I had no envy for the dancers, then.

As we passed into the cold air she stirred.

"Dick, did they come? And where are you carrying me?" Then, when I told her, "Dick, I will never speak to you again, if you don't carry me first to the gate of the upper field."

So I carried her to the gate, and sitting up in my arms she called twice.

"Laban—Laban!"

"What cheer—O?" the hind called back. His lantern was a spark on the hill-side, and he could not tell the voice, at that distance.

"Have you seen him?"

"Wha-a-a-t?"

"The angel of the Lo-o-ord!"

"Wha-a-a-t?"

"I'm afraid we can't make him understand," she whispered. "Hush; don't shout!" For a moment, she seemed to consider; and then her shrill treble quavered out on the frosty air, my own deeper voice taking up the second line—

*"The first 'Nowell' the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds, in fields as they lay,
—In fields as they lay, a-tending their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep—
Nowell! Nowell!
Christ is born in Israel!"*

Our voices followed our shadows across the gate and far up the field, where Laban's sheep lay dotted. What Laban thought of it I cannot tell: but to me it seemed, for the moment, that the shepherd among his ewes, the dancers within the house, the sea beneath us, and the stars in their courses overhead moved all to one tune,—the carol of two children on the hill-side.

Q.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

THE LIBERAL PARTY AND LAND PURCHASE.

SIR,—In the deluge of words with which Mr. Parnell is seeking to confuse the judgment of his countrymen and obscure the real issues at stake in the present political crisis, he makes one good point at the expense of the Liberal leaders. That point is in connection with the Irish Land Question. In his manifesto Mr. Parnell sums up Mr. Gladstone's utterances thus:—"in other and shorter words, that the Irish Legislature was not to be given the power of solving the agrarian difficulty, and that the Imperial Parliament would not." Again, in his speech at Dublin, Wednesday, December 10th, Mr. Parnell lays stress on the same point:—"We are left without any answer to our query as to whether the Liberal party will allow us to settle this land question or will settle it themselves." Mr. Gladstone has denied the accuracy of Mr. Parnell's version of what took place at the Hawarden interview. But the fact remains. There is great uncertainty and difference of opinion in the Liberal party as to what settlement of the Irish Land Question Mr. Gladstone and his next Cabinet will propose. In the years immediately succeeding the defeat of 1886, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Spencer, and Mr. John Morley stated in a rather half-hearted manner that Land Purchase was still an integral feature of their Irish policy. We have heard no such declarations lately. And candidates sent down by the Liberal officials at headquarters have been speaking and pledging themselves against the policy of buying out Irish landlords on English credit. Mr. Parnell, therefore, has some justification for asking, "What is to be the policy of the Liberal party?" "Will they settle the Irish agrarian difficulty on the principles laid down in 1886?" "If not, will they empower the Dublin Legislature to deal with the question as it sees fit?" It would be well if on this question our leaders would condescend to lead. At the present crisis, a decided statement as to whether the Imperial Parliament or the Irish Parliament is to have the solution of the difficult problem of Irish real property—it is a problem that must be promptly solved if Ireland is to have peace—would prevent Mr. Parnell making capital at the expense of Mr. Justin McCarthy and his party, and would save many Liberal candidates from giving pledges which must prove embarrassing in the next Parliament, and even irreconcilable with support of Mr. Gladstone's Government. It is just as well, for the sake of the Liberal party, that the Liberal leaders should learn that, owing to their reticence on this subject, rocks are rising up ahead. Dozens of Liberal candidates, who have not thought very deeply on the subject, but who perceive that "no buying out of Irish landlords with English money" is a popular electioneering cry, are pledging themselves heedlessly, but irrevocably, to vote against any Land Purchase Bill. Thousands of strong Home Rulers in the constituencies would be loth to see the settlement of the Irish Land Question left to the tender mercies of Mr. Parnell, in his new mood, or even of the authors of the "Plan of Campaign." Mr. Gladstone's hold on his party and on the country was never greater than at the present moment. Let him speak a few wise words of warning, which will serve to restrain rash pledges and conduce to the solidarity of the Liberal party in the next Parliament.

London, December, 1890.

A LIBERAL CANDIDATE.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, December 19th, 1890.

IT is not so very long ago since a blast reverberated through the columns of THE SPEAKER, summoning all good men and true to wage war against the wholesale robbery of British brains then daily being perpetrated by our light-hearted and most hospitable kinsfolk across the troubled but everlessening ocean. The British Lion, unless I am mistaken, did not respond to the invitation. Deep-rooted in that lion's heart dwells ineradicably the persuasion that the truest kindness he can bestow upon an author, even a British author, is to keep the dog poor. Seals and lobsters must be looked after and even fought for, but the dues of authors are not worth the blood and bones of a single undersized private in a Scotch Highland regiment recruited in Whitechapel.

The situation seemed hopeless, when suddenly we hear that the fortress, apparently impregnable, has thrown open its portcullis, and that the British author, poor, prowling devil, hitherto rigorously

excluded from his best market, is bidden to walk up thenceforth, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," and levy taxes upon the vast reading populations of the New World. It is not done yet, but it is confidently predicted that it will be by the first of next July. "What a night for Liberal Unionists is this!" observed Sir Henry James last Tuesday at a Restaurant. "What a day for authors will be the First of July, 1891!"

Delightful as is the prospect of seeing all the popular authors of one's acquaintance growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice, the feeling heart cannot but be touched by the thought of the many brave folk, once mighty with the pen, who have perished in their poverty. What would not this First of July, 1891, have meant to Mrs. Henry Wood—to Mr. Martin Tupper? They were read by thousands of Americans who underscored their favourite passages and scribbled their appreciations on the margin, and wrote burning words of acknowledgment, and besought an autograph and a lock of hair; and, indeed, exhibited all the symptoms of infatuation, except one, the rarest of all, which impels its victim to express his emotion in the currency of his country. They died in their enemies' day—these departed authors. Here, at least, they shall not be forgotten.

This great, unexpected, amazing gift, which more than wipes out the "Alabama Claims," is coupled with a condition which has excited a good deal of remark and some censure. To get copyright in America the book must be first printed and published in America. This is said to be an audacious attempt to appropriate the whole printing trade of Great Britain. At first sight, it looks like it.

The British Author, for the first time since Cædmon, finds himself likely to become a person of commercial importance. Trades and industries may turn on him, instead of, which always seemed so natural, his turning on them. Millions of pounds—of pounds—not of authors, are interested in those trades. The position is an impressive one. What will the British Author do? Will he prove himself the latest edition of "The Complete Tradesman," and carry his wares, his novels and poems, essays and studies to the biggest market; will he turn a deaf ear to the printer and the paper-maker of his native island, and a blind eye to the offensive vagaries of the type-setter and press-corrector of New York? or will he, without a murmur, forego a princely revenue, and abide in Bloomsbury feasting his eyes upon editions of his works all abounding in those superfluous vowels of which the Yankee would have robbed him?

He will probably steer a middle course, and have his books printed simultaneously both in New York and London. He will not fail to observe that a writer of his eminence and real popularity is sure to be reprinted in America, and have the second "u" left out of his "humour" whether he likes it or not; therefore, he may as well share the profits of sale, even of a truncated article; but on the other hand, his English feeling will shrink with horror from the danger of injuring the noble craft of the British printer, or from circulating here, at home, the disfigured English, indistinct type, and shiny paper, of the American market. He will therefore print twice over.

The Americans are being greatly blamed for this condition. But why? America is entitled to consider itself a separate country, even although its prevailing tongue is English. It is an accident that American boys and girls are taught English in the nursery; it is an accident that there is a better market for Lord Tennyson's poetry in America than

for Alfred de Musset's. The American Government is not bound to take official cognisance of the fact that Americans have not a language of their own, but only an intonation.

When an American Act of Congress requires foreign authors to print and publish their books first in America, it only follows the example set by the British Statute Book. Nothing is clearer than that to acquire copyright under the British Statute a book must be first published within the United Kingdom. Who, I wonder, remembers the plot of "Haunted Hearts," by Miss Maria Susanna Cummins? Miss Maria was a domiciled citizen of the United States, where she wrote "Haunted Hearts"; but having written it, she, craftily, went to Montreal, and there, in the Biblical language of Lord Cairns, "sojourned," whilst the book was being printed and published in London by Messrs. Low and Company, at the monstrous price of sixteen shillings. As soon as her book was out, Miss Maria Susanna Cummins skipped gaily back to the States, and watched events. Messrs. Routledge, animated by a fiery zeal for cheap literature, and deploring that "Haunted Hearts" should not be within the reach of our great middle-class, published (without leave) an impression at two shillings. Then a ring was at once formed. Solicitors began writing letters headed "Haunted Hearts," learned counsel were retained, and the two big publishing-houses fought it out even unto the bitter end, which is the House of Lords. It was argued that notwithstanding the fact that the book was first published in England, yet, as Miss Maria Susanna Cummins was an alien, she could have no copyright. But this argument failed, all the noble Lords being of opinion that, as the book was first published in England by an alien friend during a temporary residence in a British Colony, it was entitled to copyright. Lords Cairns and Westbury thought it was not necessary for Miss Cummins to have taken her little trip to Montreal, but as Lord Cranworth and Lord Chelmsford thought otherwise, it was as well she went. But Counsel and Court alike agreed that there could be no British copyright without a first publication in Great Britain, Lord Westbury observing that the Copyright Act, by its preamble, contained an invitation to men of learning in every country to make the United Kingdom the place of first publication of their works.

Is not this just what the Americans are doing—bribing our learned poets and accomplished novelists to carry their manuscripts to America? France has always been more cosmopolitan, and has never insisted on prior publication in France as a condition of protection.

By treaty, and apart from statute, the rights of foreign authors to British copyright have been extended, and where such treaties exist a first publication in Great Britain may be dispensed with; but our own movements in the matter have not been so remarkably rapid as to justify our complaining of our neighbours for taking only one step at a time. The Treaty will follow the Statute.

Before the next Century is out of her teens we may expect one uniform system of International Copyright, but the time is not yet ripe for revilings one of another. Our own Copyright Laws are glass-houses at which many stones may still be thrown.

After all, the only important things to consider are social effects. What sort of fellow will an Englishman, will an American be a century hence? Will he have a wife? will he go to church? what wine (if any) will he drink after dinner? for what will he greatly care? One thing seems pretty certain, he must be prepared for the existence of

a class of enormously wealthy authors and dramatists—men, women, and children—drawing incomes of tens of thousands a year from the ownership of popular poetry, sentimental, religious, and sensational novels and successful plays. It is a bewildering prospect for us to whom the amusing old Grub Street tradition most unaccountably clings. The world will soon get used to it.

Literature will continue as before to take care of herself. No Impostor has ever yet found a home within her walls—none, we know, ever will or can—therefore nobody need be alarmed, or pretend that it is the love of letters that makes him angry with the success of Frank Fustian's poetry or Tom Tatter's novel. It is simply jealousy. A. B.

REVIEWS.

THE LATEST ESTIMATE OF WARREN HASTINGS.

WARREN HASTINGS. ("Rulers of India" Series.) By Capt. L. J. Trotter. London: Henry Frowde (Clarendon Press). 1890.

THE compilation of short and striking biographies is becoming a very popular and profitable department of literature. Its success appears to depend considerably on the Editor's skill in selecting a serial title that shall enable him to string together by some common feature or wide principle of classification a sufficient number of attractive historic names. In the beginning we had such broad divisions of the sphere of human activity as are denoted by the contrast between Action and Thought, Politics and Philosophy; we have had galleries of Statesmen and Metaphysicians, Soldiers and Savants. We are now condescending to geographical categories, and have been introduced to a long and somewhat fantastic series of the "Rulers of India." Under this designation its editor is leading forward successively a number of notable persons connected, indeed, with India, but exhibiting every kind of disparity in regard to political situation, range of authority, and proportionate importance generally. At the head of this strange procession marched Asoka, the Buddhist King, looming large and dim just at the dawn of Indian history; while the rear is brought up two thousand years later by the familiar figure of the lamented Lord Mayo. In the middle ranks two Moghul emperors, whom vast realms obeyed, join company with Dupleix and Lord Clive, who governed and fought for two trading companies; and Lord Clyde, an English Commander-in-Chief, who never ruled or conquered an inch of India, appears, despite his well-known modesty, in the same illustrious assemblage. Out of the fourteen representative rulers of that ancient and long-suffering country during some twenty centuries, four only are native born, and the rest are characteristically discovered to have been Englishmen.

However, Warren Hastings was indubitably a man with the gift of rulership; and the only question is whether even that insatiable consumer of compressed information, the general reader, has not had enough of him just now. Apart from serial exigencies, Captain Trotter's excuse for reproducing Hastings at this moment rests on the publication last year by Mr. Forrest of three folio volumes of Indian State Papers, which he treats as if they had not been always accessible to any who cared to look for them in the archives of the India Office. As a matter of fact these papers had been used in the previous biographies; which may explain why Captain Trotter's book contains nothing absolutely new, and throws no further light upon those passages in the career of Hastings that are still obscure and interesting after a century's controversy

over them. Yet the volume may be worth reading by those who take up the subject for the first time, since it gives a tolerably clear account of the salient events and transactions of the period, and tells the story of Hastings' private life fairly enough; although we must add a warning against alliterative generalisations. "Plassey, Panipat, and Pondicherry" (says our author) "are names which represent three critical stages in the growth of our Indian rule;" but in the first place the events thus indicated all happened within four years of each other, so that they can hardly be stages; and secondly, their bearing upon the expansion of British India was, except in the case of Plassey, remote, indirect, or comparatively immaterial. Captain Trotter believes that if the Marattas had been victorious at Panipat, they would have established a great empire in India; but they never made any real impression upon the Northern provinces. And it is certainly a serious over-statement of cause and effect to affirm that the surrender in 1761 by the French of Pondicherry (which was restored to them very soon afterwards) "left us free to dominate in course of time all the wide country that spreads from the Arabian Sea to the Bay of Bengal." We owe the permanent extinction of French rivalry in India to two much greater causes—our own naval superiority, and the general break up of the French Government towards the end of the last century.

Warren Hastings administered British India vigorously and successfully through thirteen stormy years, and for his reward was seven years under impeachment; it is the longest Governor-Generalship and far the longest State trial on record. The life of a man who underwent such vicissitudes, who stood in this manner before the public for more than twenty years, and who was pilloried by the invectives of Burke, Fox, and Sheridan, cannot fail to command permanent interest. Upon the principal charges against him public opinion has not even yet pronounced a unanimous verdict; although the current has been turning in his favour, and the point of view has greatly changed. In the last century he was accused and acquitted of atrocious crimes; and fifty years afterwards Macaulay, with many rhetorical flourishes, described him as a kind of Strafford, one who sinned and suffered on a grand scale for his country's good. In these days no one believes that he was a great criminal; but some of us still question whether all his public acts and private dealings were up to the lofty level of modern political purism. He found himself more than once in perilous and intricate situations, out of which he found his way by dint of great energy, fortitude, and resource. His enemies, whom he foiled, declared that he stuck at nothing to disentangle himself; his friends said, and most people now agree with them, that he beat his adversaries by superior ability, and emerged out of the pelting showers of calumny with an unstained reputation for integrity. The business of the Rohilla war is very well explained by Captain Trotter, who states the real facts, and disposes of subsequent exaggerations; although he does not argue very forcibly upon the point at issue, which involves a question of political casuistry. Is it justifiable to make war upon neighbours who have given no provocation (though possibly a pretext), but whose power may undoubtedly be extinguished with great advantage to the protection and permanent tranquillity of a weak frontier? Upon this motive, and upon the prospect of obtaining large sums for the payment of his standing army, Hastings formed and openly defended his Rohilla policy; and although we do not agree with Captain Trotter's view that he was incontestably right, we can admire the resolution with which he faced personal responsibility and sure disapprobation in doing what he thought best for his country and his Government. In this, as in the other great political transactions, such as his conduct at Benares and his treatment of the Oudh Begum, upon which Hastings has been arraigned, the question is one of

opinion, to be determined by any one who chooses to study the ample documentary evidence. But the Nuncomar trial raises a question of fact, whether Hastings instigated the prosecution or influenced the sentence; and upon this point there is no evidence at all, nor was there likely to be any. It is therefore only just to accept the Governor-General's formal affirmation that he in no way interfered in the matter.

On the other hand, it was necessary, in order to prove Hastings incapable of sinister designs, to attempt to persuade us that he was an easy, good-natured sort of person. Captain Trotter tells us that Gleig's life of Hastings "teems with instances of his kindly, placable, trustful, perhaps too trustful, nature," and that to this purport "painted portraits speak as clearly as the printed records." We shall read very differently the portraits of Hastings in his prime; and it was to Gleig's milk-and-water conception of Hastings that we owe the vigorous and flamboyant delineation by Macaulay, which stamped its extravagances ineffaceably upon a whole generation. In private life Hastings was a kind-hearted man; but in dealing with public affairs he was alert and wary, with great power of reserve and concentration, a determined combatant, whom, as Macaulay observes, it was dangerous to push into a corner.

However, it seems unnecessary to continue the interminable discussions over Warren Hastings, which have now lasted more than a century. What concerns Englishmen to understand is that Hastings carried the government of India safely through a momentous period of our national history, when our transmarine possessions were in great peril all over the world, because all the naval powers of Europe were banded against us, while we were contending at the same time with a formidable revolt in America. When, in the course of the Seven Years' War, we had driven the French out of India and North America, and had thus rid ourselves of our only powerful rival, it might have been supposed that we should remain in comparatively peaceful occupation. But so soon as foreign competition ceased, internal troubles began in both hemispheres; the colonists struck for independence in the West; the native powers combined to dispute our predominance in the East; and the Frenchman, evicted and disappointed, naturally encouraged and aided both movements. In America the insurgents, after an arduous struggle, tore down the British flag; in India the end of a long and exhausting contest found our flag not only flying still, but planted more firmly than ever; nor had either the implacable hostility of Mysore, or the predatory Maratta invasions, succeeded in wresting an acre of British territory from the grasp of Warren Hastings. He had no aristocratic connections or parliamentary influence at a time when the great families and the House of Commons held immense power; he was surrounded by enemies in his own Council; and his immediate masters, the East India Company, gave him very fluctuating support. When the storm had blown over in India, and he had piloted his vessel into calm water, he was sacrificed with little or no hesitation to party exigencies in England; the ministry would have recalled him; they consented to his impeachment; they left him to be baited by the Opposition and to be ruined by the law's delay, by the incredible procrastination and the obsolete formalities of a seven years' trial before the House of Lords. Upon such a career, upon the value of the services rendered to his country and the injustice with which he was requited, the English people must by this time have formed a judgment too broadly based to be much affected by any fresh balancing of evidence for or against his behaviour when he stood at bay against false and vindictive accusers like Nuncomar and Francis, or fought at great odds against Hyder Ali and the Maratta league. Captain Trotter's biography of Hastings is a respectable